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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I. MARCH 1, 1816. No. III.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Supplementary Number *which completes the First Series of the Repository, and contains a General Index to the fourteen volumes of which that Series is composed, together with an Appendix to the Retrospect of Politics, is now ready for delivery.*

We are sorry that we cannot give any encouragement to S. E. K.

We beg leave to inform the correspondent who favoured us with the receipt for giving to malt liquor the flavour of French brandy, that it has not succeeded in our hands; and that medical recipes do not come within the scope of our Domestic Commonplace-Book.

The length of the paper on Smoky Chimnies *has obliged us to defer the concluding part of it till our next Number.*

The communication of S H. *which for various reasons we must decline inserting, has been disposed of according to the writer's directions.*

We are much flattered by the approbation which Amateur, Laura, *and others of our correspondents have expressed on the introduction of the* Architectural Hints and Review *into our Numbers. We are convinced, that the farther we proceed with that series of papers, the more apparent their value and utility will become to every reader.*

Diana Dreadnought *and* the Village Spectre *in our next.*

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expence. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 13.—PARK LODGE AND ENTRANCE.

A RESIDENCE may be considered under two points of view: first, as relates to its fitness for the purposes of the family, embracing the requisites of social life, which by education and habit have become necessary; and secondly, as connected with external claims to respectability, including whatever tends to produce those impressions which are recommendatory to the tasteful and judicious. By the term Residence is implied, here, all that belongs to the mansion, its grounds and plantations; for the building is but a part of the greater whole. In general, cheerfulness, comfort, and a due proportion of elegance, are the prevailing features desirable to the exterior: these are accompaniments to the dwelling that ought at least to be expected, and the sources which afford them should be simple and genuine; for the British prefer realities to the professing assumptions of fancy, and in the arrangements where the arts are employed, care is taken to do nothing that may seem to be a violence to nature. Once, indeed, a style not so consistent had a temporary existence with us; and then also painted façades, mock bridges, churches, and even mock cathedrals, were "quite in taste:" but these were soon exploded, and if the imitative powers of art are employed in the present day, it is generally in those things only that are ephemeral in their nature; and here too the indulgence is not unlimited, being confined to interior decorations.

The promise which a place of residence holds out to the visitor on his approach should be of the agreeable kind; and this promise should, immediately on his entering the gate, be followed up by the assurance, that he will not be disappointed: here the prospects half concealed and half exposed, should leave enough uncertain to allow the exercise of the imagination, and the objects should be so

arranged that they may lead the spectator to expect something of what is eventually to be revealed; for unless the fancy is directed, it is so rapid in fabricating images which cannot be realized, that disappointment must of necessity ensue, and with all the advantages of tasteful arrangement, it requires a practised hand to supply its expectations. Strong contrasts are not always favourable; generally they are the reverse; and certainly in small residences they ought not to be attempted. A general harmony, and a progressive advancement to the climax of beauties, are compatible with variety and those effects of opposition which the judicious know how to cultivate with success; and as there are situations which make one feature proper and fair material for the designer, that in another would be affected or absurd, it is therefore his duty to select only such as may be adopted consistently and with reference to the peculiar characteristics of the spot.

Warwick Castle, as a residence, is perhaps the most favourable example we have of the effects of strong oppositions all congenial to its character. The rocks, the fine dark heath and rugged ground which mark the approach, are quite in harmony with the ivy-bound and magnificent maiden towers that in former times so successfully guarded its fosse and bridge. They rise out of this spot like the sable guardians of some enchanted territory. But no sooner is the warden tower passed, than the court of the castle presents itself; its lawn, dressed in the freshest verdure and planted with evergreens, manifesting a peculiar care bestowed upon them, seem to tell how precious necessity made this little spot to the comfort and recreation of its inhabitants in less peaceful times. Three steps form the entrance to the great hall, on crossing which a noble prospect of forest scenery presents itself, exhibiting a vast domain, unquestionably an appendage to the castle. The spectator is surprised by the depth that is immediately beneath him: the rapid stream and the ruined bridge, no modern contrivance, are fine accompaniments; and the ancient little mill, upon which the eye speedily falls, seems to form a scale by which the magnitude of the castle and all around is displayed, and which gives a sentiment to the picture that art alone would fail to produce. It is a beautiful emblem of power protecting industry.

There are fine models existing, both of large and small residences, where the architecture is harmonized with the landscape with great judgment; but there is yet much to be done towards the proper embellishment of the estates of many ancient families, and particularly of the country gentleman whose duties, or whose pleasures, do not lead him from his own domain. Many firm and substantial residences, surrounded by extensive land possessions, seem to promise only a bleak, damp, insecure, and comfortless dwelling, although they may contain every desirable requisite, merely from the absence of those features that evince a tasteful care. It is not enough, that a fine growth of timber on the property manifests that the occupier's predecessors cultivated

it; it is proper that there should exist an obvious proof, that its every inhabitant has followed the laudable example. The variety of young and progressively improving plants give, by their size, forms, and freshness, and by their colour and opposition to those of earlier growth, a charm that merits the highest cultivation. Where old trees only prevail, and are thinly scattered over the grounds, the near scenery is generally naked at the bottom, or towards the soil, and has a very impoverished effect. A man of great taste and something of an agriculturist, but used to a better cultivation of park scenery than he here met with, seeing an extensive domain in this predicament, where a shepherd was preparing to let a flock of sheep on a part of it, inquired what species could find enough food to maintain them there. "They bee South-downers," replied the man.—"And do they thrive?"—"Yeas, vastly."—"I know they would live on little," said the gentleman, "but if they thrive here, it is on nothing." He found, however, that there was good herbage, and enough of it, but he judged by the impression which arose from the naked character of the ground, unclothed as it was by the verdure of low plantations, connected with the more stately timber of the park. The fashion for planting in clumps, now sparingly introduced, although its principle is invariably adopted, is said to have been thus produced:—Mr. Brown was pursuing much of the style which has always been considered as characteristic of park scenery, but planted many shrubs and trees near to each other, that they might form a reciprocal shelter and obtain a more rapid growth, which is known to take place when trees are placed together in sufficient numbers. These were to be thinned, and the best selected for standing in the manner common to parks; but the richness obtained by the concealment of the stems, and by the increased foliage and shadow of the branches, caused them to be preserved as clumps, and Brown did not object to be complimented on the contrivance. The belt was adopted from the same casual circumstance, and was planted for a similar purpose, of being judiciously thinned, when the number, the form, the strength of the plant, the colour and the variety, were to have been taken into consideration. It was here that Mr. Brown expected to have exerted his talents for pictorial fancy; but a new feature presenting itself, his works never had this devotion paid to them. Better times for art and taste have introduced that mixture of seemingly insulated trees, the spare aggregation of them, and the embowering cluster, that so strongly imitates nature in her most agreeable forms, and leaves nothing of her grace to be desired. The effect of planting low shrubs near the house is invariable in its advantages: it is demonstrative of cultivation; it affords a variety of breaks to the views around, and assists in blending the upright lines of the sides of the house with the horizontal one of its base. If a house be seen, as they usually are, at some distance from the public roads, it may be assumed as a rule, that the base line should be in part concealed by

the intervening plantations.—Many splendid buildings of the Continent abound in terraces, which, in the expensive ages of its prosperity, were devised as noble embellishments to its palaces: these, adopted and arranged with the present knowledge of architectural effect, and the improved system of landscape-gardening, would form residences unrivalled for dignity, elegance, and beauty, in any age or country in the world.

Entrances, whether to park or other property, should be faithful heralds of the mansion, the villa, or the cottage ornée; they should be designed with a correspondence of character, and bear a relative proportion to its extensiveness or limitation. The lodge and façade are appropriate to the first; the lodge and gateway to the villa; and to the cottage ornée the gate alone, designed with reference to its simple embellishments, may be adopted.

The annexed plate is a design for a park-entrance. The gatekeepers, in some instances, have been usefully employed in raising poultry in trellised inclosures, and a building for this purpose is here prepared.

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. II.

SKETCH OF THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND SINCE THE REFORMATION.

During the progress of architectural improvement, encouraged by the patronage of the church, it received considerable impulse from royal favour and the liberality of the nobles: the few remains of domestic establishments, however, till a short time before the reign of Henry VIII. afford but scanty evidences of its advancement, and unless supported by such records as have been preserved by the historian, little would now be known upon the subject. The nature of the tenure by which large estates were held, and the occasional inquietude of the times, for some centuries after the Norman conquest, rendered it necessary that these buildings should be capable of defence, and they were usually constructed for such purposes. As better times and mutual confidence prevailed, these assumed a more systematic air of liberty, and the ecclesiastical and castellated styles were blended together, so as to form a new character in architecture, subject to the principles of neither. It is to be regretted, that so little remains to illustrate our English domestic architecture; and as, with few exceptions, the plans of every kind were sacrificed by the destroying hands of the Reformers and the ignorant fanatics of the commonwealth, we do not sufficient justice, probably, to the domestic architecture of the ages of its prosperity. About the latter end of the 15th century the Roman arts were reviving in Italy, at which time Alberti of Florence had published his work on architecture, and which attained vigour about the middle of the 16th, when the reformation in our religion had become established in England;

and now Palladio, Vignola, Scamozzi, and others, were ascertaining and establishing its principles, and practising the art extensively and with great success in Italy.—Nearly at this period, Sir Henry Wootton, having visited the Continent, introduced the Italian architecture, and it became a fashionable study. Holbein also arrived in this country, and was received at court with great favour. He, with John of Padua, assisted to introduce the style as he conceived it to be practised abroad; but being less an architect than a painter, he neglected in his designs those rigid observances of his models which are imperious with the architect; and to him may be attributed that mixed style, the foundation of which is the Roman orders, garnished, as it were, with heterogeneous ornaments and devices—a style that became very prevalent in the reign of Elizabeth, and that Sir Henry Wootton did much to correct. Architecture then proceeded with various encouragement and with various success. In the time of James I. it was in its most degraded state, nor was it greatly benefited by the highly embellished style imitated from the French at that period. The Italian architecture may be considered to have received its best impulse during the reign of Charles I. Inigo Jones had studied and made himself master of the works of the Roman school; he studied Palladio, also, with advantage, and has left noble documents of his talent, which was abundantly fostered by the munificence of his royal master. There remain as memorials of his abilities and his prince's taste and liberality, among others perhaps of equal merit, the Banqueting-House of Whitehall, and a portion of Greenwich Hospital, that vie with the ablest works of the native Italian school.

During the protectorship, architecture was preserved more by the learned of our colleges, than by public patronage; but with the restoration it again felt the reviving influence of royal favour, and Sir Christopher Wren, who, from the astronomer's chair at Gresham college, was appointed by Charles II. to assist Sir John Denham, then surveyor-general of his works, having soon after visited France, for the purpose of enlarging his architectural knowledge, returned, and in 1688 he succeeded to his appointments.

To the respectful attention which Sir Christopher experienced from the French artists during his studies among them, may perhaps be owing his partiality to some peculiarities of that school, which his visits to Rome at a later period did not wholly correct, and which in many cases are considerable abatements of the classic simplicity and truth of his works. His earlier studies also gave him too strong a bias for displaying his mathematical and geometrical skill, which in several cases was injurious to his architectural reputation; and some of the steeples built by him were the result of early prejudices.

The dreadful conflagration of 1666, and the love of splendour which marked the reign of Charles II. were highly cherishing to architecture, and gave to it a practical character, that, without such op-

portunity and patronage, had perhaps remained chiefly with the theorists of our schools. Sir John Vanbrugh and Gibbs followed a style somewhat similar; and from that reign this art proceeded without considerable interruption, although some peculiarities followed immediately on the accession of William III. in which a style common to the Low Countries had a short existence. The fifty new churches voted by the parliament in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. formed a great æra in the annals of our architecture.

The accession of the House of Brunswick assured to architecture a fostering protection. Noblemen, impressed with that love for the art which is consequent on the understanding of its principles, studied and advanced it. Among these the names of the Earls of Pembroke and Burlington stand deservedly high in every estimation, as do those of their successors, Orford and Leicester. Kent, Campbell, and others of this time, greatly assisted to perfect our architecture according to the Italian system. His present Majesty bestowed considerable attention and patronage on Sir William Chambers, whom he appointed surveyor-general of his works. He was a disciple of the Italian school, but introduced a chastened design of ornamental decoration. Sir Robert Taylor pursued a similar line of art. Adams, whose publication of his discoveries at Balbec and Palmyra had recommended him to some of our nobility, was the first who deviated from the established practice, and set the example of innovations that eventually led to the study of the original Greek models, which have so rapidly advanced the reputation of British art. The accurate investigation of the late Mr. Stuart at Athens, and the learning, indefatigable research, and liberality of our present professor of architecture, have facilitated the pursuit and enlarged the means by which a taste for genuine beauty has been acquired; and the late Mr. Wyatt, whose polished fancy and sound judgment added lustre to the art which he professed, did no less towards the attainment.

During the reign of our present venerable monarch, a patronage has existed, enabling men of science to explore the vestiges of Grecian and Roman art, which have been imparted to us through splendid publications; foreign works also have supplied us with an almost inexhaustible treasure of ancient remains. Sir William Gell and others are now laudably employed in adding to the stock of architectural authorities; and from the peaceful situation of the country, the existing talents of its artists, and the general diffusion of taste, an æra of this art may be anticipated, hitherto unexampled since its most flourishing period in Greece.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(*Continued from p. 72.*)

SCULPTORS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

SCOPAS, of Paros. Olympiad 85—95. Venus, in marble, of extraordinary beauty: one of the master-pieces of art in ancient Rome. Family of Niobe. Eros, Hemeros, Pothos, at Megara; Hercules, at Sicyon; Hecate, at Argos. The Palatine Apollo; a Vesta and a Mars, both sitting; Neptune, Thetis, Achilles; all at Rome. The tomb of Mausolus.

CTESILAS. Olymp. 85—90. The *third* Amazon in the temple of Diana at Ephesus. A warrior dying of his wounds. Pericles, surnamed Olympius.

SOCRATES, the philosopher, of Athens. Olympiad 85—90. Three clothed Graces; Mercurius Propylæus; all in the Propylæa of the Acropolis at Athens.

EMILUS, of Ægina. Olymp. 85—90. The Horæ seated upon chairs, at Olympia.

MYCON, of Syracuse. Olymp. 85—95. Two statues of King Hiero of Syracuse; several prize-fighters, at Olympia.

AGESANDER, of Rhodes. Olymp. 85—95. Laöcoon, formerly placed in the palace of Titus at Rome, and found among its ruins.

POLYDORUS, of Rhodes. Olymp. 85—95.—See AGESANDER and ATHENODORUS.

ATHENODORUS, of Rhodes. Olymp. 85—95. If this Athenodorus be the same artist whom Pliny states to have been celebrated for the delineation of extraordinary women, and whom he reckons among the contemporaries of Polycletus, he must belong, together with his two colleagues in the execution of the Laöcoon, to this period.

CLEON, of Argos. Olymp. 87—97. Venus, in bronze; two Zanes, or pillars of Jupiter, in bronze, at Olympia. Several statues of Greek philosophers.

CALLON, of Ægina. Olymp. 87—97. A tripod with a statue of Proserpine, in bronze, at Amyclæ.

ARISTONOUS, of Ægina. Olymp. 87—97. Jupiter with a wreath of spring flowers upon his head, the lightning in one hand and the eagle in the other, in the Altis.

LEOCHARES. Olymp. 90—100. He executed many of the works for the tomb of Mausolus.

PATROCLES, of Crotona. Olymp. 90—100. Thirty statues dedicated by the associated Greeks, after the battle of Ægis, at Delphi; with Canachus. Several celebrated wrestlers.

NAUCYDES, of Argos. Olymp. 90—100. Hebe, at Argos. Mercury. A Discobolos.

CALLITELES, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. Mercury with a ram under his arm.

DINOMEDES. Olymp. 90—100. A wrestler. Protesilas.

CYDON. Olymp. 90—100. The *fourth* Amazon in the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

PHRAGMON, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. The *fifth* Amazon in the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

DAMEAS, of Clitore. Olymp. 90—100. Diana, Neptune, Lysander.

POLYSTRATUS, of Ambracia. Olymp. 90—100. Phalaris, the tyrant.

ARISTOCLES, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. Three Muses.

PYTHAGORAS, of Samos. Olymp. 100. Several statues of Fortune in the temple of that goddess at Rome.

TELETAS, of Laconia. Olymp. 100. A colossal Jupiter, eighteen feet high.

ARISTON, of Laconia.—See TELETAS.

Aristonidas. Olymp. 90—100. Athamas killing his son, in bronze.

Bryaxis. Olymp .90 — 100. Many works for the tomb of Mausolus.

Timotheus, of Troëzene. Olymp. 90—100. Many works for the tomb of Mausolus. Æsculapius, at Troëzene. Diana, at Rome.

Thelecles, of Samos. Olymp. 90—100. Apollo, of colossal dimensions, at Delos.

Theodorus, of Samos.--See Thelecles.

Xenophon, of Thebes. Olymp. 90—100. Fortune, at Thebes.

Callistonicus, of Thebes.—See Xenophon.

Onæthus, of Megara. Olymp. 90—100. Jupiter, at Olympia.

Thylacus, of Megara.—See Onæthus.

Attalus. Olymp. 90—100. Apollo, at Argos.

Praxiteles. Olymp. 100—110. A Satyr. Cupid, Ceres, Proserpine, Bacchus, at Athens. Diana Brauronia, at Athens. The twelve great Gods, at Megara. Pitho, Parergos, Fortune, Apollo, Diana, Latona, at Megara. Bacchus and Mercury, in the Altis. Venus, at Gnidus. Flora, Neptune, Silenus, at Rome. This artist was distinguished for the extraordinary perfection with which he represented ideal loveliness and grace.

Cephisodorus, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. The celebrated Symplegma, or two wrestlers, at Ephesus. Ennyo. Cadmus. Latona, on the Palatine at Rome. Pallas, at Athens.

Eubulus, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Mercury, at Rome.

Cephissodotus, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Pallas Athene, at Athens.

Menodorus, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Cupido, a copy of the Cupid of Praxiteles.

Silanion, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Apollodorus, the sculptor.

Polyeuctus, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Demosthenes, the orator.

Iphicrates, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. A Lioness without tongue, of bronze, at Athens; erected by the Athenians in honour of the female singer of the same name.

Cimon, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Horses and other animals of extraordinary beauty.

Telesius. Olymp. 104—114. Colossal statues of Neptune and Amphitrite.

Euclides, of Samos. Olymp. 104—114. Juno, at Samos.

Chirisophus, of Crete. Olymp. 104—114. Apollo, gilt. His own portrait.

Apollonius, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. The celebrated Torso of Hercules, now (or lately) at Paris.

Leontius, of Sicyon. Olymp. 104—114. Apollo Citharœdus, at Olympia. A Stadiodromus. Lybis, at Olympia. A lame Man, at Syracuse. He was the first before Lysippus who improved the style of the hair, and produced a good representation of the surface of the skin.

Glycon, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. The Farnesian Hercules, now in Sicily.

Niceratus, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Alcippe, Æsculapius, and Hygiæa, in the temple of Concord at Rome.

Calos, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. Proserpine.

Archelaus, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. The Apotheosis of Homer, formerly in the Colonna palace at Rome.

Salpion, of Athens. Olymp. 104—114. A celebrated baptismal vessel at Gaëta.

Dahippus, of Elis. Olymp. 104—114. The Perixyomenos, Calon, and Asamon, wrestlers of Elæa.

Lysippus, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. He executed six hundred and ten statues in bronze, the best known of which are twenty equestrian statues of the companions of Alexander at the Granicus, at Pella. Various statues of Alexander the Great. Jupiter Nemæus, at Argos. The Muses and Jupiter, at Megara. The merit of this artist chiefly consists in his having

brought back the art, which, since the time of Phidias, had pursued the career of the ideal to a rigid, but select, imitation of nature.

LYSISTRATUS, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. He was the first modeller in plaster.

EUTHYCRATES, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. Hercules, at Delphi; Thespis, Hunters, and the Thespiades. Charioteers and dogs. His style, though coarse, was noble.

BEDAS, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. Juno, in the temple of Concord, at Rome. Many statues of persons in the attitude of adoration.

STYPAX, of Cyprus. Olymp. 110—120. The Splachnoptes, or statue of a man blowing a fire with great violence.

TISICRATES, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. Liber Pater, or Bacchus, at Rome, in the galleries of Asinius Pollio.

CHARES or LACHES, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. The Colossus of Rhodes, or Apollo, in bronze, made in 12 years out of three hundred talents.

CHÆREAS, of Macedon. Olymp. 110—120. Philip and Alexander the Great.

CLEOMENES. Olymp. 110—120. The celebrated Venus de Medici, or Aphrodite, lately at Paris. His merits consisted in an ideally delicate sense of beauty and perfect execution.

CHŒRILUS, of Olynthus. Olymp. 110—120. Sthenis, a prize-fighter of Elæa.

PHILISCUS RHODIUS, of Rhodes. Olymp. 110—120. Apollo, Latona, Diana, the nine Muses, and a naked Apollo with the lyre, in the portico of Octavia, at Rome. Venus, at Rome.

EUBIUS and XENOCRITUS. Olymp. 110—120. Several statues of Hercules, in marble.

CRATINUS, of Sparta. Olymp. 110—120. A boy gaining the victory in a contest.

CALLIMACHUS, of Athens, or Sparta. Olymp. 110—120. Many draped statues. Some Lacedæmonian women dancing. Zeno, the philosopher, which was in the possession of Cato.

EUPHRANOR. Olymp. 110—120. A Paris of extraordinary beauty. Minerva, in the Capitol at Rome. *Dea boni eventus*, Latona. Apollo and Diana, as children, in the temple of Concord, at Rome. Virtus and Hellas, colossal. Philip and Alexander.

HERMOGENES, of Cithera. Olymp. 110—120. Apollo Clarius, Venus; both of bronze, at Corinth.

BOETHUS, of Carthage. Olymp. 110—120. A naked child, at Olympia. Another naked child, strangling a goose or swan. All the subjects of this kind that are so common in galleries, are probably copied from this work.

DACTYLIDES. Olymp. 110—120. The Pythias in the Servile Gardens, one of the first-rate master-pieces of the art in ancient Rome.

HECATODORUS and SOSTRATUS. Olymp. 110—120. Pallas in the Acropolis, at Aliphera; a master-piece.

TELEPHANES, of Phocis. Olymp. 110—120. Larissa, Apollo, a victor in the Pentathlon.

DEMETRIUS. Olymp. 110—120. Lysimache. Minerva, surnamed *Musica*.

STRONGYLION. Olymp. 110—120. An Amazon, named Eukneumon, who was constantly carried about by Nero.

CALLICRATES, of Sparta. Olymp. 110—120. Very small figures of ivory, and among others, a chariot that was drawn by a fly.

MYRMECIDES, of Miletus. Olymp. 110—120. A great number of small figures.

ANTIPHILUS, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. Various works at the celebrated Treasury of the Carthaginians.

STRATO and XENOPHILUS, of Argos. Olymp. 110—120. Æsculapius and Hygiæa.

APOLLONIUS, of Tralles. Olymp. 110—120. The Farnesian Toro, or Zetus, Amphion and Dirce, in ancient Rome,

in one of the galleries of Asinius Pollio, found in the baths of Caracalla; now in the Villa Reale at Naples.

TAURISCUS.—See APOLLONIUS.

TIMARCHIDES, of Athens. Olymp. 150—160. Apollo Musagetes, in the portico of Octavia, at Rome.

POLYCLES, of Athens. Olymp. 155—165. Juno, Jupiter in the portico of Octavia, at Rome. A Hermaphroditus of extraordinary beauty, executed by Polycles alone.

DIONYSIUS.—See POLYCLES.

LEOCRAS. Olymp. 155—165. An Eagle carrying off Ganymede. Jupiter Tonans, in the Capitol, at Rome. Apollo, with his head encircled with rays. The boy Autolycus.

PYRRHUS. Olymp. 155—165. Hygiæa and Minerva.

EPIGONUS. Olymp. 155—165. A figure playing on the pipe, of extraordinary beauty.

PYROMACHUS. Olymp. 155—165. An Alcibiades in a quadriga. He worked in conjunction with the three following artists.

ISIGONUS. Olymp. 155—165. This and the two following artists executed, together with Pyromachus, the battles of Attalus and Eumenes with the Galatians.

STRATONICUS.—See ISIGONUS.

ANTIGONUS.—See ISIGONUS.

(To be continued.)

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

METHOD OF PRESERVING YEAST.

To render bread porous, light, and *full of eyes* as it is called, *yeast* is added to the flour or dough, to cause a fermentation, and subsequent extrication of carbonic acid gas, which distends the dough and gives it porosity. And as it is sometimes difficult to procure yeast, it is desirable to know how to preserve it for a length of time. The following methods answer very well:—

Put a quantity of common ale yeast into a close canvas bag, gently squeeze out the moisture in a screw-press till the remaining matter is left hard as clay; in which state being close packed, and well secured from air, it will keep fresh and sound for many months, and be rendered fit for carriage.

Or work and beat up some yeast with a whisk, till it becomes thin, and spread different coats of it on a dish or plate, suffering each coat to dry separately in a warm place, as expeditiously as possible; when the coats are from half an inch to one inch thick, remove them from the plate, break them into pieces, and preserve them in well-stoppered bottles.

SUBSTITUTE FOR OIL OF OLIVES.

The inhabitants of the country of Halberstadt and Magdeburg, in Germany, which places lie nearly in the latitude of the centre of England, obtain from the seeds of the sesamum an excellent oil, which they substitute instead of butter in all their victuals. These seed yield, upon expression, a larger quantity of oil than almost any other known vegetable. Great quantities of them are raised in South Carolina. The oil, when first drawn, has a warm pungent taste, but after being kept for a twelvemonth or more, it becomes perfectly mild and pleasant:

it keeps for many years without becoming rancid, and is used in their salad and for all the purposes of olive oil. It might also render our manufactures as flourishing as those of Spain, and be very proper to burn in our lamps.

ON SMOKY CHIMNIES, AND METHODS OF CURING THEM.

Among the various inconveniencies of domestic life, there are few more troublesome than being obliged to reside in a smoky house. Smoke is not only offensive to the senses and prejudicial to health, but it also soon tarnishes the decorations of a room; it spoils the furniture; affects, more or less, all kinds of paintings and works of art; and, in fact, it destroys all domestic comfort. Numerous have been the contrivances, and immense the sums of money expended, to secure the enjoyment of a fire without the annoyance of smoke. Men of the highest philosophical acquirements have not deemed this subject unworthy of their attention. Among those who have laboured to remove the evils attending a smoky chimney, we find the names of Descartes, Desaguliers, Franklin, Rumford, &c.

Chimnies situated towards the north are particularly liable to smoke. Chimnies in stacks always draw better than separate ones, because the funnels that have constant fire in them, warm in some degree the adjoining ones that have none, and thus render the column of air which they contain lighter, and consequently easier to be displaced. All funnels which have a winding direction as near the top as possible, draw better than those which are straight, because they are less affected by strong and sudden gusts of wind. But the most obvious and prevailing hindrance of the passage of smoke through the chimney is, not at the top of the chimney, but, on the contrary, it is generally owing to the bad construction of it in the neighbourhood of the grate or fire-place.

There are various causes by which chimnies may be prevented from carrying up smoke, but none that may not easily be discovered and completely removed. Those who are familiar with the physical principles on which the ascent of smoke depends, will readily allow, that it would be as much a miracle if smoke should not rise in a chimney (all hindrances of its ascent being removed), as that water should refuse to descend in a river, or a stone fall to the ground when thrown up into the air.

The causes by which the ascent of smoke in a chimney may be prevented are various; and as the limits of the Domestic Commonplace Book do not allow us to enter into details on that subject, we shall merely observe, that the bad construction of the chimney, its situation, its dimension, together with the position of the fire-grate and the free access of air, are the chief points to be attended to with a view of having good fires, and preventing the inconvenience of smoky chimnies.

The great fault of all the common open fire-places, as is in general the case in old houses, is, that the throat of the chimney, particularly in the neighbourhood of the mantle-piece and immediately over the fire, is too large. Such

chimnies are almost sure to smoke. The column of air in the chimney not being all sufficiently heated to become specifically lighter than the surrounding air, and hence prevented from ascending, the consequence is, that different currents are produced: the heated air ascends in the middle, whilst the colder air rushes down at the sides, and, in descending, forces part of the smoke with it into the room. To prevent this, the fire is made larger, and the door or the window is opened; the heat now is sufficient to expand all the air in the chimney. But if the door or window is not open, there not being a sufficient quantity of fresh air admitted by the usual crevices, the external air forces itself down the sides of the chimney, to supply the place of that which is consumed, and that which is expanded passes up the middle of the chimney; and thus the same inconvenience is repeated. By contracting the throat of such a chimney, the column of air to be heated is less, and is sufficiently expanded by less fuel, at the same time that the current of air required to keep up a brisk fire is also less; so that the chimney will no longer smoke, nor does the necessity of opening the door or window exist. Indeed, nothing is so effectual in most cases to prevent chimnies from smoking, as diminishing the opening of the throat of the chimney; and a perfect cure may be effected by this means alone, even in the most desperate cases.

The free access of air is one of the most important considerations, and the want of it is the *general* cause of smoky chimnies. In close rooms chimnies frequently smoke, and particularly in new-built houses. The workmanship of the rooms in the house being all good, the joints of the floors all tight and true, the doors and sashes being worked with truth and shutting air-tight, there is no crevice left for the air to enter, except by the key-hole, and that is usually closed by a dropping shutter. On such account alone has the owner of a new house been seen in despair, and ready to sell his house for less than it cost; and frequently much expense has been incurred to effect a cure, which has proved useless, for the cause which produced the evil was overlooked.

It may easily be ascertained whether want of air be the cause of the chimney smoking or not; because when it is found, that opening a door or window prevents the smoke from descending, and the smoke is carried up by that temporary remedy, the cause is evident, and the cure may be commenced (and it never fails) by contriving a communication with the fresh air. If this can be done under the grate, or near it, so much the better; as a current of cold air from a distant part of the room will be sure to prove inconvenient. If the room is lofty, a communication may be made over the door, or near a window, above the usual height of persons in the room, which will prevent any inconvenience from the current; indeed, in high rooms we are little benefited by the warm air, which always remains over our heads, for it cannot descend till it is cooler. A few crevices cut in the frame at the upper part of a sash, have frequently, to our know-

ledge, cured a smoky chimney: the crevices may be concealed by a thin board or ledge, sloping upwards, to give the air that passes through a horizontal direction along and under the ceiling. In rooms having wainscot partitions, the air may be admitted by a crevice in the wainscot, or cornice, near the ceiling and over the opening of the chimney; and this, wherever it is practicable, is most preferable, because the entering of cold air cools the heated air as it rises from before the fire, and is soonest tempered by its mixture. It may also be effected by a pipe communicating with the ceiling, admitting air there, and leading from thence downwards on the outside or inside of the building, the lower end communicating with the external air. The cold air would come in at the lower aperture, ascend into the room, and gradually mix with the heated air, and dispersing itself through the room to the fire, carry off the foul air, and supply the room with a succession of that which is pure and wholesome. Such a contrivance is extremely advisable in apartments illuminated with gas-light, as the heat produced by this species of illumination is considerably greater than what would be produced by the combustion of tallow, wax, or oil. The upper strata of air of the room possess a higher temperature than the lower ones; the consequence is, that the carbonic acid and aqueous vapour produced during the combustion of coal-gas becomes dissolved by the heated air, and again precipitated in part where the two strata of air join; and hence we frequently perceive a distinct line or stratum of aqueous vapour hovering over our heads in rooms illuminated with coal-gas. This inconvenience may be completely remedied in the manner before stated.

Many chimnies only smoke when the fire is first lighted, but act well when the fire burns bright. This defect arises from the air in the chimney being colder than the external air; in consequence of which it descends by its greater specific gravity, and passing through the fire, carries the smoke with it into the room. This evil may be prevented by laying the fire very light, and setting fire to a handful of shavings on the top, previously to lighting the fire at the bottom; or more certainly, by setting fire to a piece of paper and holding it a little way up the chimney. This heating the air in the chimney is sure to establish a current in the proper direction, and carry the smoke upwards.

Most chimnies whose funnels go up in the north wall of a house, and are exposed to the north winds, are liable to smoke when fires are lighted for the first time after a long interval, as in the beginning of winter; and the uninformed observer attributes this in general to the air in the chimney being damp, as he calls it. This, however, is erroneous. The fact is, that the air in the house, and consequently that in the chimney, is of a lower temperature than the air without, as is the case during summer and autumn, until by lighting fires we have increased its temperature. The first time a fire is lighted, therefore, as the air in the grate is expanded, its place is supplied by

cold air from the chimney; which, rushing through the fire, carries the smoke into the room, unless, as before advised, some means are taken first to warm and rarefy the air in the chimney. Further, a chimney is liable to smoke if a stove is placed very forward in the room. The heated air then is expanded and ascends in the apartment, and the smoke along with it, particularly when the fire is first lighted, the air in the chimney not being then so as to establish a proper current. This is often observed in old-fashioned moveable fire-grates, and is generally remedied by pushing the grate back a little. If this remedy fails, the opening of the chimney must be contracted; because it is evident, that the current of the smoke in such cases is checked and stifled at its production or outset, the circulation being interrupted, and the smoke descends. It is therefore advisable in such cases, to fill up the vacancies behind and on each side of the grate, so as to cause no fresh air to enter but from below, or what comes immediately through or in the vicinity of the fire. The air will thus be more heated and rarefied, and the funnel of the chimney made warmer, so as to maintain a proper draught at the opening. But as in a wider chimney a quantity of cold air always passes between the two corners of the mantle-piece, and thus finds its way into the chimney without being heated, it is prudent to place a sheet of milled iron on each side within the mantle, as low as possible, and slanting upwards towards the middle of the chimney.

Another cause of smoky rooms is, that the chimney has too short a funnel. There are some situations where a short funnel is unavoidable. In such a case there is no other remedy than to contract the opening of the chimney, so as to oblige all the entering air to pass through the fire, or at least very near it, which remedies the evil.

It is very common for one chimney to overpower another, and to bring down the smoke. Thus, in a middle-sized room with two fire-places, if the doors and windows are shut, and a large brisk fire be kindled, it will soon bring the air down the other chimney with such force as even to put out a candle: if fires be kindled in both, the greater and stronger fire will overpower the weaker, and draw air down the funnel of the latter to supply its own; this air in descending drives down the smoke of the other fire, and forces it into the room. If instead of being in one room, the two chimnies are in two different apartments communicating by a door, the case is the same whenever that door is open. A large kitchen-chimney will, when the doors that communicate with the staircase are open, overpower every other chimney in the house, and draw the smoke down them.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

The following anecdote of this distinguished French writer is abridged from a paper by M. Bouilly, by whom it was recently communicated to the Philotechnic Society of Paris.

Paul and Virginia had acquired immortal fame for the venerable Bernardin de St. Pierre. He enjoyed it in retirement, and notwithstanding the respect paid him in the highest circles, and the honours which he received from all classes, the author of the *Studies of Nature* preferred in his old age a rural life to all the brilliant amusements of the gay capital, and resided for several years at the mansion of Etioles, seated in a charming spot contiguous to a wood, a few miles from Paris. This mansion had during the Revolution become the property of a respectable female, who let it out in lodgings to persons of quiet habits. Here Bernardin enjoyed all the attendance that his infirmities demanded; and here he could indulge without restraint his fondness for retirement, and for strolling about in the delightful environs. In these walks he was frequently so absorbed in his meditations on the beauties of nature, that he forgot every thing around him, and transported himself, as it were, into a new world. One fine summer morning he pursued his walk with such delight as to be quite unmindful of his weakness, till, thirsty and heated, he found himself in the middle of the wood, and knew not which way to take in order to return home. Fortunately he heard the barking of dogs at a distance, and presently several servants came up with hounds to the spot where he was. As they stopped near him, he enquired which way the mansion of Etioles lay. They pointed to the direction, adding that it was almost a league distant. "Good heavens!" said the old man exhausted, "I cannot possibly go back immediately, and I am ready to drop with fatigue." The huntsmen kindly offered him their refreshments, and meanwhile the rest of the party arrived. It was composed of the principal land-proprietors in the neighbourhood, who had met for a grand hunt on that day. They surrounded the venerable man, expressed the warmest sympathy for his situation, and urgently invited him to partake of their common breakfast in the wood. Bernardin declined for a considerable time, and merely requested to be put into the way to the mansion; but they repeated their invitations with such cordiality that he at length complied, sat down with the hunters beneath a tree, and shared in their abundant repast. During their breakfast the company was joined by a banker from Paris, who knew Bernardin by sight, and pronounced his name with respect. All present repeated this name with astonishment, and expressed their joy at having so celebrated a writer in their midst. But those who testified the most delight were the

negro servants in attendance of the company. They had all read *Paul and Virginia*, and conceived such an affection for the author, that they now went up to him, caressed him, and returned thanks for the manner in which he had mentioned the Blacks in his work. One of them even made his dog lick the hand of the benevolent author, and lie down at his feet. Bernardin was affected by all these demonstrations of attachment; but he considered that the mistress of the house would be rendered uneasy by his stay, and that she always waited anxiously for his coming. He therefore requested permission of the company to set out on his return to Etioles. The strangers could not oppose his wish so earnestly expressed, but they would not suffer the old gentleman to go back on foot. One offered his horse; another said, that his chaise was standing at a little distance, and was at his service. The negroes now came forward and said, "No! we will have the satisfaction of carrying our master with our hands. What a pleasure that will be!" Having quickly broken some branches from the trees, they made a kind of hand-barrow, covered it with green boughs, affectionately begged their eloquent advocate to sit down, lifted him up, and bore him along in triumph, as the negroes in the Isle of France had carried Virginia. The company, amazed at this unexpected scene, looked after them with emotion as long as they continued in sight.

Bernardin's absence beyond his usual time had meanwhile created a great alarm in the mansion. There it was well known how infirm he was, and how easily he might lose his way in the extensive wood. The kind landlady communicated her fears to all the inmates, who determined to go out different ways in search of him in the wood, and not to return until they had found him. Accordingly they set out, and were just about to divide for the purpose, when they perceived at a distance the procession advancing towards the mansion. They knew not at first what to make of it, but when they at length perceived Bernardin borne in this manner, they were afraid that some severe accident had befallen him. Their fears, however, were soon dispelled when they heard the rejoicing of the Blacks, and were near enough to perceive the pleasure depicted in the countenance of their burden. As soon as they met, Bernardin explained the matter: he could not indeed say much, and was scarcely able to thank the good negroes; but his tearful eyes expressed more than the most eloquent words. The Blacks took an affectionate farewell of the white man who had represented them to such advantage; and Bernardin kept their bier as a memorial of this happy day: no mark of honour could have afforded him higher gratification than this. He would show it sometimes to the young authors by whom he was visited, and ask them, whether the career of that writer could be considered as too arduous to whom such a couch was awarded for his labours.

THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

When the late Duke of Orleans was a young man, he was much attached to the Marquis of F. a nobleman whose amiable temper and suavity of manners made his company universally courted. It chanced, however, that one day being at cards with the duke, he so far forgot the respect due to his highness as to triumph a little on winning; and this piqued the duke so much that he determined to be revenged. He engaged the celebrated Comus, whose dexterity at slight of hand was the admiration of all Paris, to personate a man of rank, and strip the marquis of a large sum at cards. "Remember, however," added he, "that you must refund every shilling of your winnings; I will recompense you liberally for your trouble; poor F. must only be frightened, not robbed." Comus, of course, readily acceded to his highness's pleasure, and in a few evenings afterwards our juggler was introduced by the duke to a numerous party, of which the marquis was one, as the Comte ——, a Danish nobleman, of very high distinction. M. Comus was magnificently dressed, and decorated with the insignia of several orders; he looked and played his part so admirably, that the company had no suspicion of the cheat put upon them. Cards were presently introduced, and M. le Comte knowing from the duke, that the marquis piqued himself on his skill at piquet, challenged him to a game for a small stake, and suffered him to win it. In this manner they trifled away an hour or two, and through our Comte's management luck still ran against him. The stakes were raised, and presently luck changed, the Comte now won every game. The marquis, who was really skilful, could not conceive the cause of his extraordinary ill fortune; he doubled his stakes, until at last he lost a considerable sum. His distress now became so evident, that Comus looked at the duke for the signal to cease from play, but he looked in vain; his highness motioned him to go on, and they continued at cards till the marquis had lost all he possessed in the world. He then rose from the table, and rushed out of the room, but was instantly followed by the duke, who, catching him by the arm, asked if he was already going home. "Yes," replied the unhappy man in a tone of the deepest despair, "I must go home immediately." The duke instantly penetrated his meaning, and saw that, if he would save him from suicide, he must immediately reveal the trick. "My friend," cried he, "you must not suffer yourself to be thus affected by a mere joke; you have lost nothing."—"How, Monseigneur!"—"I repeat, you have lost nothing; Comte —— is no other than the juggler Comus." Scarcely had he spoken, when the marquis sank motionless into his arms, and it was so long before he recovered, that the duke became apprehensive his cruel jest had cost the unhappy man his life. When he was at last restored to animation, the duke was beginning to apologize. The marquis interrupted him: "I have not forgotten, Monseigneur,"

cried he, "that once presuming perhaps too far upon the friendship with which your highness honoured me, I forgot the distance between us, and treated you as I would an equal. You have, however, punished what ought to have been considered as a venial offence, as if it had been one of the utmost magnitude: the tortures which your highness has just made me suffer have, however, taught me a useful lesson; and, believe me, it is one which I shall never forget."

The duke felt, or affected to feel, very sorry for what had passed, and treated M. F. for some time afterwards with more than usual cordiality and attention. The latter, however, had learned, that no friendship can subsist without equality; he ever treated the duke with the respect due to his rank, but from that hour the attachment which he had felt for him, was effectually extinguished by what he always considered as a wanton and unjustifiable piece of revenge.

MISCELLANIES.

AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER III.

Paris, Jan. 1, 1816.

Dear Howard,

It is now ten days since we reached Paris, but my spirits were for the first few days so oppressed, that, as I did not wish to infect you with the gloom which I could not shake off, I deferred writing till I had brought myself into a more philosophic frame of mind. My dear friend, a century of wise and prudent government will hardly repair the evils which have sprung from the Revolution; the manners as well as the morals of the Parisians are at the lowest ebb. I look in vain for the polished and brilliant society which I left behind me, it exists no longer; and I find in its place a set of mushroom nobility, who, sprung from the very dregs of the people, are, as may be expected, coarse and vulgar in their manners, proud of the riches which they have acquired by actions that would in other times have brought them to the gallows. Their arrogance passes all bounds, and they vainly endeavour to obliterate by luxury and splendour the general recollection of their original meanness. Do not say, that this is the prejudiced representation of an aristocrat: I acknowledge, that there are among the unworthy many some few who owe their elevation to talent, bravery, or probity; but I must repeat, that the number is very limited. I regret to say, that your newspapers do not exaggerate the dislike and disrespect which the Parisians evince towards foreigners: the English are, however, partially excepted; the sound part of the nation feel the obligations which your country has conferred upon them, and the court, as far as its influence extends, take care

that they shall be treated with respect. A dark cloud still lowers over our political horizon, though we are far from being in the state of open discontent which some of your opposition prints represent us: it is feared, however, that some disturbances will take place in April, when the decree of banishment passed against the creatures of Bonaparte is to be put in execution. Should it take place without a struggle, France may then hope for tranquillity.

You have often heard me lament, that so few of my friends had survived the fury of the Revolution; and I now find, alas! I am robbed of the greater part of those few by the hand of death, so that I am nearly a stranger in my own native city. I had, however, this morning the unexpected pleasure of embracing my poor old preceptor, the venerable Abbé le Brun, whom I always supposed among the number of those wretched victims who perished in Guiana. He was actually shipped, with many other clergymen, for that country, but fortunately the vessel in which he sailed was taken by Admiral Sir Edward Pellew. As soon as she struck, the admiral went below, and appeared greatly shocked when he beheld the poor priests chained together: he immediately ordered their fetters to be knocked off, and then interrogated them as to the treatment they had received from the captain. They unanimously declared, that they attached no blame to him for having chained them together, since he was obliged in that respect to obey the orders of the Convention, but as far as depended on himself, he had treated them with great humanity. "It is lucky for himself that he has done so," replied the admiral, "for the same sort of treatment which he afforded you, he would have received from me." One of the clergymen expressing his sorrow that Sir Edward's prize was not worth the bravery which had gained it, "You are mistaken, sir," replied he, "I value it more highly than I should a Spanish galleon; and I am certain, that every one of the brave fellows under my command rejoices more at restoring so many fellow-creatures to liberty, and I may say to life, than they would in sharing a rich prize." It is impossible to paint to you the enthusiastic gratitude with which Le Brun recounted to me the behaviour of the gallant admiral, who, in a manner equally delicate and humane, tendered these unfortunate men pecuniary assistance before he set them on shore in England. The whole ship's crew indeed, with that humanity which distinguishes English seamen, came forward on this occasion, and cheerfully offered to contribute to the support of the poor sufferers whose lives they had preserved—I say preserved, for no European has been known to live longer than two or three years at most in Guiana. Le Brun has resided since that time in Ireland, whence he lately returned, in the hope of finding his only and beloved sister living; but disappointed in this hope, he now remains here, as he says, to die. The sister whose loss he so justly deplores, was indeed a terrestrial angel: when very young and exquisitely beautiful, she embraced a religious life at Rennes; but a very short time afterwards, the

sisterhood of which she was a member, were compelled to quit their convent and return to the world. Marianne, however, remained faithful to her vows: her parents massacred, her brother banished, destitute alike of money and friends, the poor forlorn creature knew not where to seek a home; at length she found one with a poor woman who had been a servant in her father's family, and in this humble asylum Marianne hoped she should be permitted to serve her Creator unmolested. But in those dreadful days no lot, however humble, was secure; her hostess was heard to drop an expression of compassion for the royal family: the next day her house was searched, and herself, her husband, and Marianne, whose only crime was her nun's habit, were dragged in a cart to the guillotine. Already was the work of death begun; the lovely innocent Marianne, kneeling in the cart, put up, as she believed, a last prayer to Heaven for mercy, when two of the soldiers, struck with her beauty and heroism, formed a resolution to save her. They rushed through the crowd with a pistol in each hand, and reached the cart at the very moment that the executioner was about to take her to the scaffold. They tore her from his grasp, and while one bore her in his arms from the fatal spot, the other followed to protect her if necessary. The whole transaction was but the work of a few moments, and when the fainting Marianne recovered her senses, she beheld herself supported by her deliverers. "You are safe! you are free!" were the first words which saluted her ears. "But why," cried one of them, earnestly regarding her nun's habit, "do you not, young and beautiful as you are, take the privilege granted by the constitution of renouncing your vows?" —"Hear me, O my God!" cried Marianne, dropping on her knees, "hear me add another vow to those I have already sworn at thy altar. From this moment I vow to dedicate that life so miraculously preserved, to the care of sick and wounded soldiers. It is the only way my friends," added she, turning to her deliverers, "by which I can in part repay my immense debt of gratitude to you." They melted into tears as they bade her farewell. From that hour she devoted herself entirely to a religious performance of her self-imposed duties, and for more than seven years she was the ministering angel of the sick and wounded soldiery; but, alas! her humane exertions at length cost her her life. A fever of a malignant nature broke out in the hospital which she constantly attended; the physician warned her of her danger, and advised at least a temporary suspension of her labours. "I will not desert my post while my Almighty Father gives me strength to keep it," was the reply. That evening she sickened, and in three days afterwards resigned to her Creator that life which had been devoted to his service.

I was forced to break off abruptly, for the remembrance of poor Marianne unfitted me to write on any other subject. I have just received a visit from M. De ——, a nobleman who is said to be deservedly high in the confidence of the king. It is reported here, that he

advised Madame to make that pathetic appeal to the feelings of the soldiery at Bourdeaux, which, to their eternal shame, they resisted. "I will not believe," cried he, when told the royal cause was nearly desperate, "that they can betray their princess, if she throws herself on their loyalty and attachment. Imitate, I beseech you, Madam, the conduct of your illustrious grandmother, Maria Theresa, and make a personal appeal to their feelings." Some of her royal highness's friends were against what they termed so rash an attempt, but she did not hesitate a moment to make it. It was not because she was not ignorant of her danger; she even perhaps believed it greater than it was; but she held her own safety as nothing in comparison with what she owed to her family and her country.

The character of this admirable woman is not justly appreciated by the Parisians. The misfortunes of her early youth have given to her disposition a degree of pensiveness which ill suits with the in general exuberant vivacity of the French character. Her partiality too for the English has highly offended all the female part of our new nobility; or rather, I should say, they affect to be offended with it, in order to have pretence for venting the malignity with which her coldness to themselves had filled their hearts. Their folly must have equalled their presumption, or they never could have supposed, that a woman who is herself an angel of purity, would form her court from the corrupt satellites of Bonaparte's. I could not repress my indignation on hearing the Marquise D'A——, who it is well known was one of Napoleon's numerous mistresses, say, that *Madame la Duchesse* would do well to drop those cold and haughty airs which she at present assumed, and endeavour to conciliate people who possessed the power to serve her. Doubtless this woman, the daughter of a fruiterer, flatters herself, that she is one of those people. I shall perhaps give you a little sketch of her romantic history in my next.

Sandford requests me to tell you, that he would certainly have written to you before this, if he could have found time and good-humour; but the first is completely engrossed, as he says, by a set of people who torment him to death under pretence of civility, and he cannot muster enough of the latter to last him for a quarter of an hour together. He will soon, however, tell you personally all his grievances, for he is already heartily sick of Paris, and swears, that if he does not make haste to leave it, he is certain he shall be starved. The cook hearing him express a wish for English dishes, sent up yesterday what he called beef-steaks dressed *à la mode Angloise*, but their appearance was so little tempting, that neither Sandford nor myself touched them. I could not help smiling this morning at hearing him very seriously observe, that whatever changes the Revolution had caused in other things, at least it had made none in our cookery, which he found just as execrable now as it was thirty years ago.

THE FEMALE POLITICIAN.

Mr. *Editor*,

SOME years ago I married, and, in imitation of the Vicar of Wakefield, I chose my wife for such qualities as I thought would wear well. She possessed an excellent heart, a great deal of good humour, and sufficient understanding, as I thought, to prevent her from running into those mischievous absurdities by which I have sometimes seen married ladies destroy the happiness of their husbands. For some time all went on well, Mrs. Newslove was very domestic; my family was managed with scrupulous regularity; and when I tell you, sir, that I was perfectly comfortable, I believe you will admit, that is saying a great deal for a married man.

But, alas! sir, those happy days are passed, and, " like the baseless fabric of a vision, have left no wreck behind." Comfort and regularity are no more; my fortune is wasted. My house exhibits a scene of domestic insubordination, and all this mischief arises from my wife having unluckily made the discovery, that she is better qualified to guide the helm of the state than the present premier; and as, unfortunately, domestic politics do not afford sufficient scope to her genius, Continental affairs also engross a large portion of her time and thoughts; so that between both she keeps herself and me in a continual fever. When Bonaparte surrendered himself to our government, she actually kept me awake for two whole nights by detailing the measures which she would have taken for his trial and condemnation; and what was still worse, she affronted old Counsellor Puzzlecause, who has been a friend to my family for the last forty years, because he told her, that although he was positively convinced Bonaparte had caused Captain Wright to be assassinated, yet he doubted whether we could procure sufficient proof of the fact to convict him of it in a court of justice. Without giving the counsellor time to finish his speech, Mrs. Newslove assured him, that it was very evident he knew nothing at all of the matter, as she was certain no person who was at all acquainted with the laws of the country could advance such an absurd opinion; and she would stake her existence, that positive proof might easily be procured, if ministers would only follow implicitly the mode of investigating the matter which she should point out. The counsellor's good sense would have induced him to smile at the *matter* of this speech, had not the *manner* of it been so extremely rude and insulting, that it was impossible to pass it over. He left the room immediately, and has never entered the house since. Mrs. Newslove exults in his absence, which she declares proceeds solely from his inability to cope with her in argument. When Bonaparte had departed for St. Helena, I was in hopes that I should enjoy a little tranquillity; but, alas! I was as far from it as ever: Mrs. Newslove now turned her thoughts to the internal affairs of France, that unfortunate country, which, as she said, was upon the brink of ruin, and

could only be rescued from impending destruction by wise and vigorous measures, such as she should adopt if she was in the place of Louis XVIII. Her measures, it must be confessed, were very summary; nothing less than destroying *en masse* such of its inhabitants as were even suspected of being inimical to the present government. You would hardly believe, that notwithstanding Mrs. Newslove expresses these violent and unfeminine sentiments, she is naturally very humane, and the most timid creature breathing; she wept bitterly the other day at witnessing the agonies in which a favourite spaniel died, and the sound of a pistol terrifies her almost into fits. Though I generally take care to avoid all conversation with her on political subjects, yet my usual prudence deserted me when the rash and ill-fated Porlier made the unjustifiable attempt which cost him his life—an attempt which I believed to have proceeded entirely from the severity of Ferdinand's measures. Unfortunately, I expressed my opinion on this subject with a warmth which created an open war between us. She insisted upon it, that humanity was the king's weak side; and that if she was in his place, she would extirpate the whole of those impertinent Cortes who presumed to dictate to their sovereign. Well, sir, after a long and vigorous struggle for the preservation of the Spanish patriots' lives and properties, I was at length driven from the field by mere weight of words, and for peace sake I assented to the necessity of extirpating th[illegible], and of destroying *en masse* all refractory Frenchmen, of whatsoever age or profession.

After these concessions on my part, I flattered myself that my wife would make some on hers: not on political subjects—on these I knew her opinions were as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians; but I hoped to prevail upon her to look a little after our domestic affairs, and to restore something like order and comfort in the family. Conceive my astonishment when she replied, with great coolness, that only the most narrow-minded of mortals could entertain an idea of entering into such petty and selfish details, when the fate of all Europe was at stake. I ventured to observe, that the affairs of Europe would not be a jot the worse, if my expenses were proportioned to my income, and my dinner properly dressed and served at a regular hour; but this produced such a torrent of invective on my narrow-souled views, and my total want of universal philanthropy, that I was glad to retreat in silence from the unequal contest! My miseries, however, had not yet reached their climax; being extremely ill with a cold and swelled face one morning, I felt disposed to indulge a little, and requested my wife when she rose, to send my breakfast up to my chamber, as I meant to take it in bed. After waiting an unconscionable time, the door opened, and my wife's woman appeared with a face full of busy importance. "What is the reason you have not brought my breakfast?" said I angrily.—"I don't know, sir, but my mistress desires you will come down immediately."—"What's the matter? is she ill, or has any acci-

dent happened?"—"Somebody's valet has run away, sir, and my mistress says there will be a *resurrection* immediately, and"——

Here Mrs. Slipslop's harangue was cut short by a violent ringing of her lady's bell, which she flew to answer; but returned in five minutes, to say, that her mistress conjured me, if I had a *sparticle* of humanity, to come directly and discuss this dreadful affair. I saw that I should have no peace unless I complied; but no sooner had I entered the parlour than my rib attacked me. "Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied now that I have always been in the right, when I said, that nothing but vigorous measures would do. Ah! if the king had had half my resolution, nothing of this kind could have happened."—"But, my dear," cried I, "you don't tell me what has happened."—"I sent you word, that Lavalette had escaped."—"Indeed!" cried I; "pray, my dear, give me the paper while you make breakfast."—"Breakfast!" repeated she in a tone of ineffable contempt; "I protest to heavens, Mr. Newslove, you are the most apathetic, selfish, unfeeling being in the creation! Is it possible you can think of eating at a crisis so momentous, when the flames of civil war are likely to desolate a whole kingdom?"—I endeavoured to clear myself by urging, that the flight of a petty traitor like Lavalette could produce no such dreadful consequence; but my heretical dissent from her opinion put my wife almost into a frenzy, and in the midst of the storm my face began to ache with so much violence that I was nearly frantic with pain. My tender spouse, however, had no commiseration to bestow upon my agonies; she reserved all her compassion for Louis XVIII. and I was glad to make a hasty retreat to my chamber, where Mrs. Newslove left me to nurse myself as I thought proper.

And now, Mr. Editor, to come at last to the reason of my troubling you with this recital of my domestic grievances. My wife hearing your *Repository* highly spoken of the other day by a gentleman of acknowledged talent, has conceived the generous design of making your fortune by presenting you with some political essays of her own writing, the merit of which, she says, will considerably increase the sale of your work, not only in the united kingdom, but all over the Continent.. *Entre nous*, Mr. Editor, these brilliant essays have already been rejected by the editors of seven or eight newspapers, as my wife declares, out of mere envy. As I know she has this morning sent them to the *Repository*, she will, of course, be curious to see your next number, in the hope of finding one of her essays in it: now, sir, as I am pretty certain, that that will not be the case, you would eternally oblige me by inserting my letter, or a part of it, in your work, as perhaps, were my wife to read in a cool moment an account of the extravagances which her political mania hurries her into, it might make some impression upon her; and leaving the fate of empires to be decided by other, and she must pardon my adding, by wiser heads than hers, she might turn her thoughts to her domestic duties, and become once more what she

was [illegible] re she commenced politician—an amiable woman and a good wife. I am, sir, your constant reader, and very humble servant,

NICHOLAS NEWSLOVE.

THE TWO MOTHERS, OR WHICH WAS THE WISEST:

A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 99.)

Both young ladies were now, as the phrase is, brought out, and the beauty and talents of Julia were the admiration of the circle in which she moved; but, alas! beauty and talents are not in these days what men seek most in a wife, and we have said Julia's fortune was moderate. Nearly a year passed away, and *la belle Julie* had not received a single proposal. Her mother inwardly execrated the stupidity or the avarice of mankind, while she affected to assure her friends, that she did not intend to suffer Julia to marry till she was twenty-one; she was no friend to early marriages, and she should be very nice in the disposal of her daughter. But her whole stock of patience nearly deserted her when she found her good stupid little niece, as she termed Emily, had refused the offered hand of a rich baronet: true he was old, ugly, and ill-tempered, but he had riches and title; and though Mrs. Beverly loved her daughter too well to have sacrificed her to him, yet she would have been very glad of the *éclât* of such an offer.

The arrival of a relation of the deceased Mr. Beverly from India about this time, opened a new prospect for the disposal of Julia. Mr. Probit was a plain man, with an excellent heart, and, as he said himself, with sufficient property to justify him for suffering his son to marry a girl without a shilling. He remembered Mrs. Beverly such as she was in her deceased husband's time, when her taste for dissipation was not suffered to appear; and he had no idea, that the good, quiet, domestic Mrs. Beverly had any of the propensities of a modern *belle.* He went to see her immediately on his arrival in England, and as he began his visit by thanking God, that he had returned much richer than he was when he went to India, Mrs. Beverly's reception of him was uncommonly cordial, and in a visit which lasted two hours, Mr. Probit had imparted to her all his views and projects.

"I must get my boy married," cried he, "and you must look out for a wife for him. She must be a good girl, and a gentlewoman, to please me, and pretty, or else Frank will not like her; and now, my dear Mrs. Beverly, will you find me such an one without loss of time?" Mrs. Beverly, with an admirable command of countenance, told him, she would try what could be done. Julia was absent; but the next day Mr. Probit and his son dined with Mrs. Beverly, and the old gentleman was so delighted with Julia, that he drew her mother aside to hope the sweet girl had no engagement, because he should prefer her for a daughter-in-law to any woman he had ever seen; he was sure the daughter of his friend Mrs. Beverly must make a good

wife, and Frank could not help loving such a beautiful creature.

We may believe mamma's answer was propitious, and after a few more visits, the fair one herself was applied to: her reply was not discouraging, but she asked time to consider of the matter.

And now, such is the powerful influence of wealth, that no sooner was it known Miss Beverly was addressed by the rich Mr. Probit, than her charms were beheld through a magnifying glass by those fashionable men who had not before paid much attention to them. Frank Probit was handsome, sensible, gentlemanly, and deeply in love with Julia, but he addressed her with provoking rationality: true, he was very rich, and altogether Julia thought him *endurable;* but one must not compare him to the Viscount ——, or the Marquis ——, and he was absolutely nobody beside Sir Narcissus Dashwell. Julia, however, had given her promise to her mother, and she must abide by it. These reflections passed through her mind on her return from a ball where she had danced with Sir Narcissus, and been envied by all the ladies present on that account.

Every thing was settled between the old folks, and Mr. Probit was of course introduced to Mrs. Thornton and her daughter, with both of whom he was much pleased. Emily congratulated her cousin with perfect sincerity on the happy prospect before her, and listened with wonder to Julia's regrets, that her lover was not a little more *tonish*. The time for the celebration of the nuptials had nearly arrived, when Julia begged that they might be postponed a few days longer; a request which more than half affronted the elder Mr. Probit: she was, however, indulged, and two days before they were to have been celebrated, Julia eloped with Sir Narcissus Dashwell; leaving a most affectionate epistle for her mother, in which she made use of all the *usual arguments* to obtain her forgiveness of what she very justly styled the rash step she had taken.

When we say, that Mrs. Beverly well knew Sir Narcissus was a ruined gambler, we need not add that her mortification and distress were indescribable. In the first paroxysm of her passion, she refused to see her daughter, and the distress of her mind produced an illness which confined her for some weeks to her apartment. It was now that her good little stupid niece, as she had hitherto termed her, began to find favour in her eyes; never was nurse more gentle, more skilful, or more assiduous than Emily; and when Mrs. Beverly tasted the light and nourishing soups and jellies which her niece's fair hands had prepared, she could not but own, that a knowledge of housewifery may sometimes be forgiven.

Emily remained with her aunt till she was quite convalescent, and not a day elapsed without a visit from old Mr. Probit, though in his first fit of anger he had declared he never would again set his foot in the house; but the illness of Mrs. Beverly dispelled his resentment, and the attractions of her *nurse* soon became a powerful magnet. Perfectly free from design, Emily met him always with pleasure, and paid him cheerfully those

attentions which amiable young people love to offer to respectable old ones; she read to him, sung for him, and, finally, won his heart by being the strongest antagonist he had met with for some years at chess.

Frank Probit was some time before he summoned resolution to make one at these little family parties; but at length he did, and now that he was no longer blinded by his *penchant* for Julia, he saw and did justice to the charms of her cousin. Suffice it to say, that six months after the elopement of Julia, Mr. Probit visited Mrs. Thornton, with whom he had become very intimate, to ask her recommendation of a wife for his son. She declined giving one: "I am sorry for it, for then I fear," said the blunt old gentleman, "that your fair daughter could not bestow her affections on my son."—"My daughter is honoured by your approbation, my dear sir, but yet there are some objections."—"Name them, if you please, madam."—"Her fortune is very small."—"So much the better, he has more than enough for both."—"Her education has given her a taste for none but domestic pleasures."—"So much the better."—"She will not, I fear, be easily brought to consent to part with me."—"So much the better, for then we shall all live together. Ods heart! madam, do you call these objections? why they are the strongest recommendations: we have had enough of the *brilliant*, let us now look to the *solid*."—"Well, sir," replied Mrs. Thornton, "I have no more to say: let Emily decide."

Emily decided in favour of young Probit, to whom she made the best of wives, nor had she ever cause to repent of her choice. Tenderly beloved by her husband, and almost idolized by his father and her own mother, she lived a blessing to all around her; while her cousin, neglected by her husband after the honeymoon, had no resource but in cards and dress; with neither of which, however, she could long indulge, for the unprincipled Sir Narcissus deserted her, and went abroad. Her mother, whose anger had by this time subsided, readily received her; but mortification and chagrin soon put a period to her days: nor could her mother ever reflect without a pang, that this catastrophe was in some measure her own work.

Well, ladies, which was in the right?

Plate 15.—BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE SNOW-SLEDGES OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

The annexed engraving represents the sledge used in winter by Alexander Emperor of Russia. The driver is a striking likeness of the coachman who generally attends his imperial majesty in that capacity. The original picture, in the possession of Mr. Ackermann, is from the pencil of M. Paul Svinine, the same person who, in 1813, was sent by the emperor to America, to obtain the aid of the talents of the illustrious Moreau in the war against Napoleon. On this occasion it will not be amiss to submit to the reader a brief description of the favour-

ite diversion of sledge parties, extracted from a narrative of travels not yet published.

Every country has its peculiar amusements and diversions, which are most suitable to the climate, the national spirit, and the means of the people; and in nothing, perhaps, is the peculiar character of a nation more purely and more manifestly expressed than in this particular. This position is too generally admitted for it to be necessary to adduce evidence on the subject. My intention here is, to take some notice of a national amusement of the people of the North, which in this country is little known, if at all, and which belongs to their most favourite diversions—I mean the practice, in the winter season, of making excursions in sledges.

In Germany, Poland, and Russia, where the winter is very severe, and the snow lies two or three months, and frequently longer, and where it is so deep that every other kind of communication is prevented, it was very natural that the inhabitants should be led to the invention of sledges, which afford the easiest and most convenient medium of intercourse; and which, in consequence of the progressive refinement of manners and habits, are now subservient, in the large cities of those countries, to a favourite winter amusement. No sooner has the winter properly set in, and covered the whole country with its thick white mantle, than the elegant chariots, phaetons, &c. disappear, and very few equestrians are to be seen in the streets and places of public resort. In their stead we observe light airy sledges, which, adorned with every variety of decoration, and drawn by horses richly caparisoned and hung with bells, fly through the streets with the swiftness of arrows, and give a new and unusual animation to the scene. Large companies of people of fashion often assemble and form parties of this kind; and it is then that this amusement exhibits all its magnificence. Each sledge carries only two persons; every gentleman invites a lady to be his companion; a dinner, a ball, or a masquerade, is often attached: and this is what is properly termed a sledge-party.

About noon the sledges assemble at an appointed place; each sledge is attended by several horsemen, who precede and follow it, and regulate the whole; and the sledges take their places according to a preconcerted order. A band of music, in sledges with four or six horses, opens and closes the train, which often consists of fifty, sixty, nay, even one hundred and more sledges: the horsemen post themselves on the flanks, in the front, and in the rear, and the procession moves at first in a slow pace through the principal streets of the town; after which the party speeds its rapid course to some place of public refreshment, where warm rooms and a splendid entertainment await them. The musicians form an orchestra during the repast; and when it grows dark the company again puts itself in motion. The scene is now changed: darkness covers the plain; the stars alone twinkle in the cloudless firmament; but all the horsemen carry torches, and thus afford a light to the sledges equal to that of day. Often, too, the spirits of the company are raised by generous wine; and the jo-

vial party returns, more expeditiously than it went, to the city, once more parades the streets, which are thronged with spectators, and then separates. The gentlemen accompany their ladies to their respective homes; and many a lucky wight exercises the ancient and customary privilege on his fair and vainly resisting partner, of demanding a kiss for his reward; that is to say, if he has not overturned her. Both ladies and gentlemen then dress with all speed, and pass the night in the merry dance, which is often kept up till morning. The family of the sovereign and his court frequently take part in these diversions, and then they are extremely brilliant and expensive. The nobility of a city, too, often form a party of themselves; but they are in general mixed, and consist of the whole fashionable world; and these are the most lively and cheerful. The largest and most magnificent parties of this kind, perhaps, have taken place at Vienna, where the court, and the opulent nobility of Hungary and Austria, give such *fêtes* almost every winter, and expend considerable sums on sledges, harness, and horses: but the most brilliant probably of any, was that during the Congress at Vienna, when the potentates and grandees of all Europe strove to surpass one another in splendour, elegance, and taste.

Sometimes, especially in the south of Germany, where the time for sledge-parties falls exactly in the season of the Carnival, masquerades are combined with them; and I need not attempt to describe how comic and laughable such a procession then appears. I recollect having seen one at Münich, which I considered as the most ingenious of the kind.

The gentle, rapid, and easy motion of the sledge, the little danger attending this diversion, and, above all, the circumstance that it cannot be enjoyed except during a small portion of the year, greatly heighten its charms, and cause every excursion to be awaited with new pleasure and impatience. It is not relished merely in the towns. Throughout the whole country, the gentlemen, whether residing in a village or a detached mansion, never visits his neighbour in winter except in a sledge. The farmer nails a couple of boards together for a sledge, breaks in upon the repose of his heavy cart-horse, and drives him about hung with a few bells. In short, high and low, rich and poor, enjoy this diversion with equal zest.

The original German sledges are calculated for only one person, and are often of very extraordinary shapes; as, for instance, in those of stags, lions, horses, and other animals. The lady, in this case, sits in the sledge alone, and the gentleman on a seat behind her, from which he guides the horses. This species of sledge possesses this advantage, that the gentleman is always ready to catch the lady in his arms in case of being overturned. At present, however, these sledges are not much in use; but the Courland sledge, as represented in the annexed engraving, is preferred, where the driver may sit far more commodiously by the side of his female companion, and is much better protected from the cold.

In Russia, where the winter is longest, and the weather least liable to change, the sledge is universally used for travelling, and proceeds with incredible swiftness. In that country, indeed, the winter season is invariably chosen for journies in preference to summer, when the roads are frequently very bad. In Germany, where a continuance of the snow cannot be so confidently relied on, sledges are used rather for amusement only; and it has often happened, that a party fixed some days beforehand has been set aside by an intervening thaw. On this subject the following curious anecdote is related, but I cannot pledge myself for the truth of it.—Count Gotter, a very rich and profuse nobleman, who had three times the luck of gaining the highest prize in the lottery, had promised his mistress, that, to gratify her, he would have a sledge party on a certain day. All the neighbouring gentry were invited. The appointed day arrived; but, to the general disappointment, all the snow was gone. The count was not a little puzzled how to redeem his promise; at length he conceived the idea of spreading salt upon several of the roads in his park, which enabled the party, to their no small astonishment, to enjoy the diversion in the highest style, and the count to keep his word.

Prince Esterhazy, at Vienna, is reported to possess a sledge which cost 30,000 dollars: the trappings of the horses consist of tiger-skins, which are bordered with silver bells.

REVIEW OF THE EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE opening of the present Exhibition at the British Institution was awaited by the lovers of art with considerable expectation. This interest was excited by a pretty general anticipation, that, if the prize of 1000 guineas set apart by the directors for the best pictures in commemoration of our military renown, were not alone a sufficient stimulus to call forth the talents of our artists, the high and generous enthusiasm which the victories themselves were calculated to inspire, would have roused their whole energies to aid and illustrate the historian's pen in transmitting to future times the record of our late national achievements.

Whether this expectation was in the first instance founded upon true principles, or whether the event has realized the hopes of those who were sanguine in the anticipation, our limits do not allow us to discuss; we willingly leave these points to the consideration and decision of those whose time and space afford them better opportunities of entering upon so elaborate a disquisition. It will be sufficient for our purpose to pronounce, that the British Gallery of this year, like all other general exhibitions, which do not exclude (and we should be sorry if they did) the crude labours of inexperience, contains above two hundred and sixty pictures of diversified merit, from the matured and highly cultivated pencil of Mr. President West, down to the imperfect sort of sketch which one

naturally expects from the yet unformed student in art.

We shall consider the contents of this exhibition, not so much according to the order of their intrinsic merit, as of their particular interest. In this view the pictures painted for the Institution prize, claim precedence. These are, with one or two exceptions, directed to the commemoration of the late memorable battle near Waterloo. The works are many, but our selections must of necessity, from our limited space, be few. The principal one is

The Battle of Waterloo in an Allegory.—James Ward, R. A.

The notification of this picture in the catalogue, is accompanied by a prolix narration descriptive of the various parts of which it is composed. This necessity to fly from canvas to paper for explanation is in itself a defect, but one necessarily arising out of the uncontrouled use of allegory. The old masters, in a great degree, avoided this extreme, by subdividing into a series that subject which could not be represented in one point of time without confusion and indistinctness; as, for instance, the *Cupid* and *Psyche* of Michael Angelo, in the Vatican; and even Rubens, whose fertility of invention and power of colouring gave him a prodigious advantage in this class of composition, oftener assigned to it an accessorial than a principal part, and rendered it illustrative of his historical subjects. His great work of *Mary of Medici*, in the Luxembourg Gallery, exemplifies this position. Hayley has, in our own times, called allegoric painting "a painted riddle;" and, if the artist is compelled to explain the language of his pencil by that of his pen, few will withhold their concurrence from the critic's opinion. The defects of this style are, however, those of genius, not of dulness; and, whilst our rigid duty requires us to advert to them, we cannot but admire the copious imagination that sometimes gives them birth. But to Mr. Ward's picture.

The execution of this work is, in many respects, original and extraordinary; the effect produced by it, at a proper distance, highly bright and harmonious, uniting in no small degree the variety of Rubens with the unity of Titian. It is so exactly and admirably tuned, that the brilliancy of some colours operate like the trebles and octaves in a musical concert, which increase, but cannot overpower the fulness of the whole. This happiness of effect seems to be precisely what constitutes the difference between a good and bad colourist, and is, in fact, that which confers the charm of embodying a brilliant variety so as to produce splendour. To this extent Mr. Ward has completely succeeded: he has not, however, been equally happy in the composition of his picture. The subordinate parts have such important actions assigned them, and are withal so numerous, that they create confusion; a fault, as we have before observed, likely enough to occur in subjects of this kind, even in the most limited ones, but which the exuberance of the artist's fancy has here carried to excess. The hydra-headed monster falling from the clouds, reminds us of Rubens; the horses are beautiful, though the car and under figures are somewhat

small. There is also some hasty and imperfect drawing in the picture; but it being only exhibited as a sketch, though a finished one, we shall abstain from a too minute particularization. There are, however, negligences incident to a sketch, which Mr. Ward is fully competent to remove.

Overthrow of the French Army at the Battle of Waterloo.—L. Clennell.

This picture has much energy, and the composition is on the whole spirited. But it is much to be regretted, that the artist has not paid his usual attention to the anatomy of the horse.

The Battle of Ligny, June 16, 1815, by A. Cooper,

is distinguished for the excellence of its animal anatomy. The horses are not only well drawn, but placed in natural and spirited attitudes. This production is highly creditable to Mr. Cooper.

Mr. Drummond's and Mr. Jones's battle-pieces are both fine specimens of art. The latter has De Loutherbourg and sometimes Mr. Atkinson in his eye. Dighton and Sauerweid are also entitled to great praise for their battle-sketches.

Distraining for Rent, purchased by the Directors of the British Institution.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

If the directors had done no other service to the fine arts in England, than the purchase of this admirable picture (for 600*l.* as report says), their labours would be entitled to the approbation of the country. The subject of the work is, we fear, not one of fancy, but of fact, and perhaps common among the honest and industrious. A good man, in whatever walk of life, struggling with adversity, is said to be a sight worthy of the gods to gaze upon; and to this representation Mr. Wilkie has directed his powerful pencil. This picture is calculated to rouse every tender emotion. It unites all the excellencies that depend on mechanical skill in art, with the higher attributes of conception, feeling, perspicuity, and contrivance, which belong to the dramatist. This is not the only picture of this artist which shews an attention to the rules of the drama. His compositions and drawing are the most perfect in our recollection. His colouring may be sometimes weak and dingy, but it is frequently good, and never displeasing. His attention to the painting (to use an artist's phrase) of *still life*, never has been excelled by the Dutch, or by any other school; for example, the cradle, bed-clothes, &c. in the present picture. The expression and character of his figures never have been surpassed.

Half-Holiday Muster, by W. Collins, A. R. A.

is an interesting picture by an artist who appears to conceive his subjects well, and to execute them in a masterly manner. The bright sunny light of this picture, as in his *Harvest Shower*, is beautiful. Indeed, there is a truth of nature in his works which may be justly called his own. We are sorry that we cannot bestow unqualified commendation on his figures, which occasionally want ease, and sometimes correctness.

A Corn-Field.—P. Dewint.

This is a subject in which Mr. Dewint particularly excels, and this specimen exhibits his usual fe-

...city; but we have to regret that it is not hung in a better situation.

The Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison.—W. Allston.

This picture is an effort at the majestic in art, and certainly has a commanding effect. The angel is luminous and fresh, and the head of one of the soldiers is finely painted. The drawing and attitude of Peter are also in a good style. There is a pleasing effect produced by the brilliant repetition of the principal light in the appearance of the moon: this is well and happily expressed. The expression of the angel is better than the drawing. The colouring of St. Peter is not so attractive as it might have been.

This artist's landscape, in the same room, has striking merit: there is something very fine in the colour of the mountain; but the forms of his trees are not carefully chosen, and, from their size, materially injure the picture.

Gil Blas dismissed with contempt by the Archbishop of Grenada, &c. &c. by F. P. Stephanoff,

is a beautiful specimen of colouring; the left-hand corner is finely painted. The hands of the figures are well drawn, but the countenances are not very remarkable for striking or natural expression.

Evening. Landscape and Figures: —the latter by A. E. Chalon, A. R. A.—J. J. Chalon.

This picture possesses very great merit: the subject is admirably and judiciously arranged; the colouring, like that of the other works of those artists, is, in many parts, exquisite: there is, however, a brown hue in one or two points of the landscape, which is not strictly correct. The figures, though graceful, are rather large for the picture: this is a fault often observable in working from two palettes.

Mr. Hoffland's *Landscapes* are well conceived, but we would recommend him to study from nature with greater care and assiduity.

Pickersgill's *Shepherd-Boy* is well executed; and Jackson's *Head of St. Peter*, though not correctly drawn about the mouth and nose, is very fine in point of colouring and general execution.

Goat and Utensils, a Study from Nature.—A. Cooper.

An extremely good picture; the bucket and pan are equal to the finish of the Dutch masters.

Sir William Beechey's *Hebe* has merit, but not that of being classical. His portraits are decidedly his best works.

We have now the pleasure to announce to our female readers the pleasing proficiency of their sex in the graphic art.

Miss H. A. E. Jackson has displayed her poetical taste in the picture of *Venus lamenting the Death of her Dove*.

Miss Gouldsmith's *Landscapes* are well chosen, and very pretty; and those by Miss Geddes are equally so. They develope a superior power of execution.

The pictures by Mr. West, Mr. Howard, and other eminent artists in this exhibition, have been already so often commented upon in former exhibitions, that, in a work of this kind, we should not feel ourselves justified in reverting to their numerous and long admitted perfections.

THE SCULPTURE-ROOM.

Apollo discharging his Arrows against the Greeks.—E. H. Bailey.

This is the work which attracted so much attention, and engrossed so much admiration, during the last exhibition at the Royal Academy. The right arm has been altered a little since that period. The grace and spirit of this figure cannot be too much admired; the hand, perhaps, seems as if it had quitted its hold of the arrow instead of drawing it inwards. The proportions of this figure are altogether beautiful.

Mr. Lawrence's *Horse's Head, from the antique*, is very fine, and rather of a superior character to that of his *Model of an Arabian Horse:* the latter does not appear well proportioned, the legs seem too short. The smaller pieces in the sculpture-room are executed with taste.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. III.

Men should not occupy the place
That's destin'd for the female race.

It is generally said by the men, that the love of chattering, or talking, or gossiping, or by whatever name a lively use of the tongue may be called, is the peculiar quality of the female sex, as if the men were universally a set of grave, philosophic, sententious beings, who were incapable of talking nonsense. The truth of this opinion I shall not at present contest; on some future occasion I may, perhaps, be induced to weigh the subject in the scale of truth, when I have no doubt that I shall settle the point to the entire satisfaction of all my female readers: and as for those of the other sex, if they chuse to continue their usual illiberalities, and let loose their vulgar commonplace jeers respecting the weaknesses of women, I shall leave them to the silly triumphs of their own applause. But be that as it may, I shall beg leave to observe, that the women of the present age are capable at least of talking to some purpose, and can certainly boast of those qualifications, which, as they may relate to intellect as well as accomplishment, are frequently acknowledged to rival those of the men: though, at some Gothic periods of the world, and before the present age had attained its present high state of civilization, the selfish, envious male mortals contrived, by every art of oppression and injustice, tyrannically to keep them to themselves.

I am myself persuaded, and the opinion, I doubt not, is capable of being substantiated by arguments that would amount almost to the certainty of mathematical demonstration, that the faculties of women, and their capacities for all attainments, were well known among those nations, and under those governments, where women were scarcely allowed a political existence; and, being considered as little better than slaves, were treated with all the ignominy with which overbearing pride delights to treat those who are subject to its

power. It naturally follows, that this degrading conduct towards that part of the creation whose superior beauty was acknowledged even by those who treated them with such criminal, because it was unsocial injustice, and whom the divine MILTON, in the better days of more enlightened reason and a pure religion, as well as under an almost inspired influence, has described as "Heaven's last, best work." This degrading conduct, I say, must have arisen from a secret, well concealed, and even political envy of that superiority which they possess from nature, and requires nothing but an unshackled liberty for its perfect manifestation.

The Romans, for example, with all their heroism in war, their consummate policy in peace, their public magnificence, and the love of their country, treated the mothers of their heroes, their statesmen, their orators, philosophers, and poets, as little more than a higher class of menial servants. But though I shall not expose myself to the ridicule of combating the doctrine of Locke, and write nonsense, which I am sure I should do if I attempted to philosophize on hereditary claims to parental qualities, whether of mind or body, I may be allowed to suspect the motives of those men who withheld respect from the women who gave such men to the state as Cæsar and Pompey; as Cicero, Brutus, and Trajan; as Virgil and Horace. This unequal distribution of rank, office, and political consequence between the male and female branches of human nature, could not arise in a civilized state, but from the apprehension entertained by the former of the intellectual faculties and probable attainments of the latter, if called into exertion, and to a proportionable share of public duty.

The Romans well knew what Semiramis had been, who succeeded her husband Ninus in the government of the Assyrian empire, which he had founded, and who had herself built the magnificent city of Babylon, whose walls alone held a place among the acknowledged wonders of the world. Other distinguished women might be mentioned, who were then celebrated by earlier history for wisdom in government; but the fear of having the affectation of pedantry imputed to me, prevents the present display of such an illustrious catalogue as might be offered. I have not the least doubt, that to the political envy or foreboding apprehensions of the different statesmen who established the Roman government, in all its changes and successions, may be attributed the humiliating condition of the women in every class, from the wife of a consul down to the wife of a lictor.

There was a time, as appears from the more ancient historians, when it was universally believed, that a female nation existed, known by the name of *Amazons*, who possessed a large country, which neighbouring kings feared to invade, from the prowess of those who defended it. But not the power of their arms alone, but the peculiar nature of their government, as well as their character and customs, are still on record. They certainly exist no more: they were, in the course of time, at length conquer-

ed; and being once subdued, were necessarily extinguished, from the extraordinary and unsocial character of their political institution.

It has, however, been attempted by subsequent writers to prove, that no such kingdom ever existed; that its history was a mere romance of the early ages; and that no people so constructed could possibly be formed according to the principles of our social nature. As to the doctrine of possibility or impossibility, I have no reliance upon it whatever. We who have lived during the last twenty-five years, have witnessed a succession of events which our grandfathers, nay, as coming nearer to the period, which our fathers would, if such things had been contemplated by any frantic imagination, or wild, gloomy invention, have angrily rejected, as not within the pale of mortal circumstance. This nation has been represented by the writers to whom I have alluded, as living on the banks of a mighty river; and a river which still bears the name of its ancient female inhabitants is well known as among the most stupendous features of the South American world; and it has never varied in its denomination from its being first mentioned by the early geographers to the present day. I am also told by the clergyman of the parish in which I reside, who is an eminent scholar, and to whom I apply when my pursuits require such assistance as he can give me, that the title of this female nation is derivative (a circumstance which the critics consider as favourable to the positive existence of any thing), and implies that they had but one breast, it being their custom to cut off that on the right side, in order that they might be at liberty to draw their bow with an uninterrupted energy. I might multiply arguments on the occasion, but shall content myself with mentioning the circumstance, recorded in the sacred writings, of a visit which was paid by a princess to King Solomon; and, from the manner in which that wise and potent monarch received her, she must have held a distinguished rank among the sovereigns of that distant period. My friend the clergyman was rather displeased with me, when I asked whether I might, with all due reverence, suggest that Queen Sheba held the sceptre of the Amazons. I therefore wave hinting at an opinion, which, if I could clothe with any degree of authority as a mere historical fact, there would be an end of the question, and my opinion would be irresistibly established.

It is some time, I must own, since my ears have tingled with an imaginary exclamation, which, I fear, may have well been a real one, of what is this good lady of a Tattler about with her Amazons; and what, in the name of wonder, is it to us, whether such a strange, unnatural set of cap-a-pie Billingsgates as she describes them, had existence or not! Fair lady, for I shall suppose it, with her leave, to be one of my own sex who makes the objection, I have a very sufficient reason for what I have argued, or at least for what I have written, on the subject. And it is this: To give an additional proof of what I have asserted respecting the envy which the men feel, and the jealousy they entertain of the faculties and at-

tainments of our sex, in whatever way they may be displayed: and it is from these illiberal principles alone that this remarkable, distinguished, and courageous nation of women, who set the neighbouring monarchs at defiance, and, according to most ancient authorities, discomfited their armies, and frequently led them in triumph, are now denied to have any other but a fabulous existence; and for no other reason, but because they, in their way, got the better of the men; an example which it becomes the duty of women to follow.

I am not an Amazon, for I do not love disputing, much less fighting; but I never will cease to contend—and I recommend my sex in general, according to their various capacities and situations, to do the same, by all legitimate means and decorous exertions, for that equality which they were formed to possess and are capable of maintaining, and from which the greater part of the men, I will not say all, employ so many of their arts and so much of their time to exclude us.

In my next I shall bring this subject home to our own time, and the circumstances which offer themselves to our daily observation and experience.

*** The letter from Felicia on the *Bazaar* in Soho-square, will appear in the *Repository* of the ensuing month.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Swiss Melodies, arranged for one, two, and three Voices, and likewise with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by J. von Durwollt. Vol. I. Pr. 15s.

The plan of this publication is rather uncommon. It contains six different airs, each of which is successively given in a threefold manner, viz. 1st, as a single song; 2dly, as a glee for three voices; and 3dly, as a theme with six variations. Thus the book contains eighteen distinct pieces (six songs, six glees, and six themes with variations); which we observe are also sold single, at the reasonable price of 1s. 6d. each.

We take it that these tunes are really national Swiss airs, to which an English text has been adapted, and that the harmonic arrangement alone is by Mr. Durwollt. They certainly possess that interesting simplicity and *naïveté* of expression, which afford intrinsic evidence of their authenticity. The titles are as follow:—*The ambitious Rose, The Convert, The Orphan of Bretany, The Dawn of Day, The Savoyards*, and *Rosalie*. Of these, *The Convert, The Orphan of Bretany*, and *The Savoyards*, appear to us to be superior to the rest. The melody of *The Convert* is well known under the name of Copenhagen Walz, but the application of a text under it has quite a novel and extremely pleasing effect. *The Orphan of Bretany* is a very short, but, according to our taste, exquisitely beautiful air; and in *The Savoyards* we distinguish a high degree of spirit, and a gaiety of style absolutely original. The glees are arranged in a satisfactory and easy manner, and the variations throughout the book deserve unqualified

approbation: the diversity of style among so great a number, shews Mr. D.'s talent in that species of composition in a very advantageous light.—In more than one instance we have observed errors in the musical accentuation of the poetical text; a circumstance which we are the more induced to point out to the author, as it seems that this work is to be continued, in which case we would recommend particular attention to this essential point.

Beauty and the Lily, Ballad sung by Miss Burrell in the revived dramatic Romance of Cymon, at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Short as this air is, it ingratiates itself by the pathetic and impressive character of its melody, and by the truth with which the composer has adhered to the import of his text.

Tyrolese and Bavarian Air, with Variations, for two Performers, composed by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 3s.

The truly national Tyrolese song "*Wenn ich morgen's früh aufsteh*," forms the theme of these variations, to which purpose its beautiful simplicity and melodiousness eminently adapt it. In the representation before us, however, some slight deviations from the authentic melody are perceptible. On this subject Mr. M. has devised no less than twelve variations, in every one of which a matured experience in productions of this kind, elegant taste, and an inexhaustible facility of invention, are obvious at first sight. The labour is fairly divided between the first and second parts; and as executive difficulties seem to have been carefully avoided, players of moderate proficiency are enabled to enjoy, and impart to others, a treat of no common attraction.

"*Oh! share my Cottage, gentle Maid,*" *a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte; the Melody composed* by Edward Peele, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In the short compass of a very few lines, Mr. P. has succeeded in introducing several select thoughts, which, with the support of the instrumental accompaniment, combine to render this song highly attractive. The B's, with which the 3d bar of page 2 sets out, throughout the three staves, produce the effect of consecutive octaves after the A in the preceding bar. Another harmonic arrangement, founded on the chord of E 5 6, would have been more appropriate. The introductory symphony, with its imitations between bass and treble, merits distinct and favourable notice.

Buonaparte's Dream, Air with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by B. T. Kotwyk. Pr. 3s.

As we cannot discover any point of similitude between this title and the composition itself, we suppose the former to have suggested itself to the author by mere hazard. It covers an introductory movement, an *aria*, as theme, and eight variations reared upon it, all of which tend to give a high opinion of Mr. K.'s compositorial qualifications. The introduction consists of an impressive adagio, in which some scientific modulations attract considerable attention: the aria boasts of an agreeable melody, in proper rhythmical regularity, and ably

harmonized. In the variations we perceive a fertile vein of invention, guided by good taste; and, as they proceed, they appear to us to gain in interest. The 4th is conspicuous by the effective employment of the left-hand, which is called into equally advantageous action in the crossed-hand leaps of var. 5, but requires attentive care on the part of the performer. The 7th variation is conceived in a bold and rather novel style; and the transitions through which it modulates, are entitled to much commendation. Var. 8 is cast with spirit, and thus serves to conduct the whole to a striking and satisfactory termination.

The Musical Paragon, containing a Series, most of which are newly arranged for the Piano-Forte, from the Compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, &c. Nos. V. VI. VII. VIII. and IX. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.

Having on a former occasion stated the nature of the above-mentioned selection, we shall confine ourselves, in the present instance, to a mere notice of the pieces contained in the numbers before us, especially as the respective authors of the same constitute a sufficient passport of recommendation. No. V. contains an agreeable theme, with variations, by Pleyel; No. VI. a beautiful and well-known quick movement from one of Haydn's symphonies. In No. VII. we find Steibelt's celebrated Turkish rondo, from his Op. 57, with a tambourine accompaniment. No. VIII. is a theme, with variations, from Kozeluch's Op. 41; and No. IX. has an allegretto, with variations, from Mazzinghi's Op. 16, founded on the popular tune of "Maggie Lawder."

My Spouse and I, an operatical Farce, performed with the greatest applause at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, written by Mr. C. Dibdin, jun.; composed, and most respectfully inscribed to the Noblemen and Gentlemen forming the Sub-Committee of the above Theatre, by John Whitaker. Pr. 8s.

The overture consists of a short andante, followed by a rondo in C, which is lively and respectable, and gains in attraction as it advances towards the conclusion. The introductory chorus, *a* 4, contains a good deal of repetition; but its ideas, although simple, are pleasing, and proceed with spirit. Mrs. Bland's first song, "Love, little blind urchin," is a smart and pretty trifle in the ballad style: the melody is interesting throughout, but especially in the latter half, where the burthen comes in with the best effect. "The boy and the butterfly," sung by Miss Kelly, is also an air of an agreeable lightsome cast. It is followed by a hunting song of Mr. Bellamy's, called "Dido and I," replete with characteristic ideas, full of spirit and variety of expression, which towards the end shews itself with peculiar force and brilliancy. Of the trio between Mrs. Bland, Miss Kelly, and Mr. Barnard, "Pray don't quarrel for me," we cannot but speak with marked approbation: there is perhaps too great an uniformity of motion produced by the six quavers which fill the majority of the bars, but the style of the trio is select, and the parts are arranged with taste and discrimination. Among sever-

ral more pieces, we shall content ourselves with briefly noticing another neat litle air of Mrs. Bland's, "Ah! welladay," the musical diction of which is simple and ingenuous; but we do not approve of the omission of any bass in bar 4, line 2, *p*. 32. A sailor's song, by Mr. Smith, *p*. 36, reminds us forcibly of the late Mr. Dibdin's vocal Muse.

In this work Mr. W. has evinced almost as great a partiality for the $\frac{6}{8}$ time as the late Mr. Reeve. By far the greater number of pieces in the opera proceeds in that measure, the gallop-like motion of which has, for a length of time, been the vehicle of so much vulgar musical stuff, that it requires very decisive merits to subdue our prepossession against it.

"*The Indian Maid," sung by Miss Matthews at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in the favourite Farce "A Chip of the Old Block," written by Mr. Knight, composed* by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This song, although short, presents some striking, and by no means ordinary passages. The whole is conceived in rather an original style of expression, is regular in construction, and full of well marked energy. In producing this effect, the bassoon and violoncello accompaniment cannot fail to prove of great avail, when rendered by a complete orchestra.

The celebrated Irish Melodies arranged for the Piano-Forte, or Harp; with original introductory, intermediate, and concluding Symphonies, composed by John Whitaker. No. I. Pr. 5s.

Messrs Button and Whitaker, the publishers of this collection, state, in an advertisement prefixed thereto, that, in consequence of the daily demands for the Irish melodies *without words*, they determined on the publication of the present work. The number before us contains the whole of the airs comprised in the first part of the "Irish Melodies," arranged by Sir John Stevenson, with words by Thomas Moore, Esq. viz. *Carolan's Concerto, The pleasant Rocks, Planxty Drury, The Maid of the Valley, Molly Macalpin, Aileen Aroon, The brown Maid, The Fox's Sleep, Gramachree, Planxty Kelly, John O'Reilly, Coulin, The Summer is coming, The young Man's Dream*, and *The old Head of Denis*; and every succeeding number is to consist of the corresponding pieces of the above-mentioned vocal work. The harmonic arrangemement of the airs before us, in regard to which alone our opinion is called for, does Mr. Whitaker great credit. Judgment, taste, skill, and a full knowledge of the character and peculiarities of Irish vocal music, are conspicuous in every page.

Six National Airs, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, viz. two Scots, two Irish, and two Welsh, with characteristic Preludes, composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Miss Eleanor Fraser, of Saltoun, by Mr. Ross, Organist, of Aberdeen. Op. 45. Pr. 5s.

To write and publish variations in this wholesale way, requires a greater confidence and consciousness of adequate qualifications than the mere publication of *one* theme with variations; and it is not dealing fairly by such a collection, to examine, as we have done, the whole from beginning to end at

one sitting, instead of rehearsing but one set of variations at a time. Notwithstanding, however, this rather disadvantageous mode of trial, we are bound to declare, and we feel the greater pleasure in so doing, that Mr. Ross's labour before us deserves, in a high degree, the attention and favour of every accomplished piano-forte player. The six airs selected for themes are, *The Maid of Barra*, Scots—*The Vale of Coloun*, Irish—*The blue-eyed Maid of Beaumaris*, Welsh — *The Lily that droops in Dumbarton*, Scots—*The Rose of Carmarthen*, Welsh — *The pretty green Banks of Cavan*, Irish.—It would lead us to a detail infinitely beyond our limits to enter into a critical analysis of the numerous variations which Mr. R. has deduced from these subjects: we shall therefore generally state, that their diversity of character and style evinces the author's ready and fertile imagination; that, in point of taste and selectness of expression, these variations may claim a place among the works of our classic masters; and, as to harmonic arrangement, that the skill and judgment displayed in every page, are such as we were warranted to expect from other anterior productions of the same author, which have been noticed in former numbers. In the preludes we think there would have been room for greater comparative diversity, and less individual plainness of expression. In saying thus much, we are far from slighting this part of Mr. R.'s labour; on the contrary, his preludes are devised in an agreeable and workmanlike style.

"Robin Adair," and "Bid me not forget," two favourite Scotch Airs, and the "Sicilian Walzer," with new Variations, composed, and dedicated to Miss Plowman, by John Bap. Mayer. Pr. 6s.

The author has omitted to add, that this music is intended for the harp, to the performers on which instrument it holds out a rich treat of variety. The variations on the two above-mentioned airs are beautiful, and display not only the author's mastery of his instrument, but also his knowledge of composition, in the most favourable light. What he calls the "Sicilian Walzer," is, we believe, more generally known under the title of "Copenhagen Walz." Be this as it may, Mr. Mayer's treatment of this elegant tune commands unqualified applause. In proof of this assertion, we need only refer to the 11th page, and to the ingenious manner in which (*p.* 12.) both hands responsively play with the subject of the trio. In short, every part of this publication shows the real composer.

A Second Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violin, composed, and inscribed to Miss Reeves, by W. Beale. Op. 8. Pr. 4s.

Mr. Beale's sonata is entitled to our warmest approbation. It does not aim at those intricate and abstruse harmonic combinations which begin to usurp an ascendency in modern music, but it contains a large portion of genuine melody, tastefully conducted through a regular and well connected exposition of intelligible and pleasing ideas, whether exhibited in the shape of running passages or in slow action; so that his style may, with propriety, be compared to that

of Pleyel or Kozeluch. This is particularly the case in the allegro and adagio, both of which may in every respect be pronounced chaste and well digested movements. The last piece, an allegro in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, sets out with a subject somewhat singular, and, perhaps intentionally, rather irregular as to the rhythm of its periods: considerable ingenuity has been exerted in the digressive matter, and especially in the responsive alternations between the bass, treble, and violin; but, as far as our opinion goes, we think the latter kind of passages are too much repeated, and exhibited in too bare a form.

Upon the whole, this sonata does Mr. B. great credit, and we wish to recommend it strongly to the attention of the student, whose advancement in execution and taste cannot fail being benefited by the practice thereof. The violin is *obligato.*

Lord St. Orville, a popular Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to his Pupil, Miss Smith, by W. H. Cutler. Pr. 2s.

Mr. C. has given to this air the form of a rondo in G major, in a neat and respectable manner, and in an easy and familiar style, so as to be accessible to a large class of performers. The introduction is tasty and select. In the first part of the subject of the rondo (*p.* 1.) the bass of the last bar concludes improperly with the three last quavers B, G, D. We have seen this form of termination before, but must observe, that it does not even effect its supposed object, that of connection with the sequel. In like manner do we own, that the harmony between bars 6 and 7, page 2, is not unusual in English dances, but it leaves fifths in the ear. In page 3, bar 9, the sign of the violin cleff is omitted in the bass, where it ought to operate for four bars. Some good passages occur in that page, especially where a running bass supports an imitation of the subject assigned to the right hand.

To the memory of a Caledonian Hero who fell in the Battle of Waterloo, written by a Companion in Arms who saw his deeds and glorious end, composed, with a Piano-Forte Accompaniment, and most humbly dedicated to the brave Highlanders of the Royal 42d Regiment, by William Grosse. Pr. 3s.

Mr. G. has cast the several stanzas of the text before us into the shape of a cantata, consisting of five or six successive movements, in which much diversity of musical colouring and character is perceptible. The first, a maestoso, in military style, exhibits a regular and agreeable melody; but the words, "triumph of thy hand," at their second occurrence, are not happily expressed, and mis-scanned: "thy," for instance, ought to have fallen into the unaccentuated part of the bar. The second movement is, upon the whole, tasteful, and the harpeggio accompaniment very appropriate: although we cannot approve the progress of the first bar of the melody, by the two successive fourths, E b, B b, F; nor the rest in the middle of the phrase, "how sweet it then would sound;" and the allotting *three* quavers, instead of two, to the words, "many a," which the poet has syncopated into two syllables. The

daring leap into the chord of C flat (*p.* 3), we cannot help considering too great a liberty in itself, however designedly it may have been done, independently of the difficulty of seizing the interval, for any but an experienced singer. The recitativo (*p.* 4) deserves strong commendation: it is select in its ideas, impressive and solemn, and some of the transitions are skilfully contrived. The movement which follows next (*Coraggioso*) is plain, and no wise original, but it is neat and sprightly, and set off by a pretty accompaniment. The succeeding grave is creditable to Mr. G.'s taste and judgment. It is a solemn dirge, conceived in the manner of a dead march, first in the leading key of E b, and then in its minor of six flats. The composition concludes with the maestoso with which it began.

The Triumph of Temper, written by William Hayley, Esq. composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Witherston, by James Henry Leffler. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is an elaborate performance, however small in compass; and it is evident, that the composer's aim was to produce something select and original. He certainly has succeeded better than his bard, the poetical value of whose text is as doubtful as its meaning is obscure. To return to the song: we have great reason to be satisfied with Mr. L.'s effort, although we think, that, for an air of four lines, there is rather an overplus of harmonic and scientific seasoning. The symphony, above all, partakes, and that plentifully, of this feature of distinction. It not only enters too soon into quick passages, drops too suddenly from E b into its relative C minor, but immediately afterwards, by the bold leap of an enharmonic transition, goes from the three flats to four sharps, and as quickly back again. This evolution is cleverly enough contrived, but, for a song of four lines, so much of the *recherché* is objectionable. The song itself possesses much pathetic melody, and, in point of studied harmony, its quantum is, as we have already hinted, rather that of excess than of deficiency. The word "delicate" is wrongly accentuated thus, "dĕlĭcāte." Upon the whole, Mr. L. has, in this production, shewn a considerable knowledge of composition and harmonic science, united to a cultivated taste and real musical feeling.

Marianne, an introductory Movement, and Air with Variations, composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment, ad libitum, for the keyed Harmonica or Flute, and dedicated to J. Harding, Esq. by J. Hunter. Pr. 3s.

As this is the first time we have to notice a composition adapted for the *keyed harmonica*, an instrument of late invention, unknown perhaps to many of our readers, it may be proper to state, that the keyed harmonica resembles a piano-forte, on a reduced scale, being not above thirty inches long, and proportionally broad. It has a similar keyboard, to the extent, however, of only three octaves; and the hammers, instead of acting upon wires, beat against thin glass cylinders, decreasing in size according to the acuteness of the corresponding note. Thus any person that can play the piano-forte, is equally able

to perform on this instrument, the price of which is about 15 guineas. The higher sounds are particularly agreeable; and, for an accompaniment to dances, rondos, and other sprightly pieces, we consider this kind of harmonica as very effective and pleasing. It is less applicable to slow music, because the sounds do not admit of being lengthened, as is the case with the harmonica proper.

Hr. Hunter's composition before us consists of an introductory andantino, followed by an air with variations. The andantino is replete with tasteful ideas, which are arranged in a skilful and elegant manner, especially the imitations between the piano-forte and the harmonica. The theme of the succeeding air is as simple as it is engaging, and the several variations into which the subject has been modelled, evince fertile fancy, guided by chasteness of conception, and experience considerably matured. This observation applies, in a peculiar degree, to the pretty walz-movement which forms the concluding variation, especially the first half of it; the subsequent portion (*p.* 11) being rather overcharged with a series of common chords broken into semiquavered triplets.

THE SELECTOR:

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THE LION AND THE FATHER.

(From LICHTENSTEIN'S *Travels in Southern Africa,* vol. II.)

NOT far from hence the river breaks itself a way through the mountains, forming a pass of about three quarters of an hour in length. This is called the Riet River's Gate. The road lies along the banks of the river; the high reeds preventing the bed of the river itself, which does not very often contain water, from being used as a road. On the other side of the pass, where again is a large plain, in the deeper parts of the river's bed was some water, but it was strongly impregnated with salt; and about the banks the ground was covered with a thick rind of natron. At no time of the year are these *kuilen,* as they are called, wholly destitute of water; but the quantity increases in winter, even without rain, and the water loses its salt flavour very much.

Near one of these pits was the proper habitation of Van Dyk. On account of the weakness of our horses, he had lent us some of his oxen to assist in conveying us on to the next place, where we were to stop. While our oxen were grazing awhile, and we sought the shade within the door of his house, he related to us the following story:—"It is now," he said, "more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house, near the door; the children were playing about her, and I was without, near

the house, busied in doing something to a waggon; when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance I had set it into the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think: I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed; and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above the eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more." Indeed we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost. If the boy had moved he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him from without was impossible, for the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun would have betrayed him; while, to consummate the whole, the head of the creature was, in some sort, protected by the door-post.

FRENCH MANNERS.

(From *Travels in France, during the Years* 1814-15.)

In no country in the world is there found so great a number of beggars as in France; and yet there are not wanting in every town establishments for the maintenance of the poor. These beggars are chiefly from among the manufacturing classes, the families of soldiers and labourers. The peasants are seldom reduced to this state, or when reduced, they are succoured by their fellow-peasants, and do not beg publicly. The national poverty has had the worst effects on the French character.—What can be more disgusting, than to see people of fashion and family reduced to the necessity of letting to strangers their own rooms, and retiring into garrets and other dirty holes; demanding exorbitant prices, and, with perfect indifference, taking half or a third; higgling for every article they pur-

chase; standing in dirty wrappers at their doors, seeing the wood weighed in the street, on terms of familiarity with tradesmen and their own servants!

The towns throughout France, as well as the villages, particularly in the south, have an appearance of decay and dilapidation. The proprietors have not the means of repair. It is customary (I suppose from the heat of the climate) to build the houses very large. To repair a French house, therefore, is very expensive; and it will generally be seen, that in most houses only one or two rooms are kept in repair, and furnished, while the rest of the house is crumbling to pieces. This is the case with all the great houses; in those of the common people we should expect more comfort, as they are small, and do not need either expensive repair or gay furniture: but comfort is unknown in France. On entering a small house in one of the villages, we find the people pigging together, as they are said to do in some parts of England and Scotland. Men, women, dogs, cats, pigs, goats, &c.—no glass in the windows--doors shattered--truckle-beds—a few earthen pots; and with all this filth, we find perhaps half a dozen velvet or brocade-covered chairs, a broken mirror, or a marble-slab table; these are the articles plundered in former days of terror and revolution. All *caffés* and hotels in the villages are thus furnished.

Besides the want of pavement to protect us from the carriages, and to keep our feet dry, we have to encounter the mass of filth and dirt, which the nastiness of the inhabitants deposits, and which the police suffers to remain. The state of Edinburgh in its worst days, as described by our English neighbours, was never any thing equal to what you meet with in France. The danger of walking the streets at night is very great, and the perfumes of Arabia do not prevail in the morning.

The churches in all the villages are falling to ruin; in many instances are converted into granaries, barracks, and hospitals. Manufacturing establishments are also in ruins, scarcely able to maintain their workmen; their owners have no money for the repair of their buildings.

I must not forget, that I noticed the dress and amusements of the French as offering a mark of their poverty. The great meanness of their dress must particularly strike every English traveller, for I believe there is no country in the world where all ranks of people are so well dressed as in England. It is not indeed astonishing to see the nobility, gentry, and those of the liberal professions, well clothed; but to see every tradesman, and every tradesman's apprentice, wearing the same clothes as the higher orders; to see every servant as well, if not better clothed than his master, affords a clear proof of the riches of a country. In the higher ranks among the French, a gentleman has indeed a good suit of clothes, but these are kept for wearing in the evening on the promenade, or at a party. In the morning, clothes of the coarsest texture, and often much worn, or even rag-

ged, are put on. If you pay a lady or a gentleman a morning visit, you find them so metamorphosed as scarcely to be known: the men in dirty coarse cloth great-coats, wide sackcloth trowsers, and slippers; the women in coarse calico wrappers, with a coloured handkerchief tied round their hair. All the little gaudy finery they possess is kept for the evening; but even then there is nothing either costly, or elegant, or neat, as with us. In their amusements, also, is the poverty of the people manifested. A person residing in Paris, and who had travelled no further, would think that this observation was unjust, for in Paris there is no want of amusements; the theatres are numerous, and all other species of entertainment are to be found. But in the smaller towns one little dirty theatre, ill lighted, with ragged scenery, dresses, and a beggarly company of players, is all that is to be found. The price of admittance is also very low. The poverty of the people will not admit of the innumerable descriptions of amusements which we find in every little town in England: amateur concerts are sometimes got up, but for want of funds they seldom last long. My subscription to one of these at the town where we resided was five francs per month, or about a shilling each concert. This may be taken as a specimen of the price of French amusements.

The excessive poverty of the higher orders, more particularly amongst the old nobility, has not only subjected them to this meanness of taking bribes, but has produced also amongst them a species of fawning servility of manner towards their inferiors; and this has, in its turn, in a great degree destroyed that high feeling of superior rank and superior responsibility, and that standard of amiable and noble manners, which are the happiest consequences resulting from the institution of a hereditary nobility. The consequence of this servility among the *noblesse* has inevitably produced a corresponding arrogance and insolence amongst the lower orders. You will see a French servant enter his master's room without taking off, or even touching his hat, engage in the conversation which may be passing whilst he is mending the fire, throw himself upon a chair, and thus deliver the message he has been entrusted with, arrange his neck-cloth at the glass, and dance out of the room humming a tune. To an Englishman this familiarity, from its excessive impudence, creates at first more amusement than irritation; but it becomes disgusting when we consider its consequences upon national manners, and that its causes are to be traced to national crime. I have seen a French gentleman take his grocer by the hand, and embracing him, hope for his company at supper. This submissive meanness towards their tradesmen, is of course much increased by their dread of the day of reckoning; and is therefore ultimately the consequence of their poverty.

It happened that an English nobleman, who lately visited France, had shewn much kindness to one of the *ancienne noblesse* during his stay in England. For upwards of a year, he had insisted on his living with him at his country seat. Upon the

eve of leaving England for France, he wrote to his old acquaintance, desiring him to take suitable apartments for him in Paris. The Frenchman returned a most polite answer, saying, how much he felt himself hurt by the idea, that his lordship should dream of his taking apartments, whilst his hotel was at his service. The English nobleman accordingly lived two months at the hotel; but, to his astonishment, upon taking his departure, Monsieur presented him with a regular bill, charging for every article, and including a very high rent for the lodgings. This is hardly to be credited by those unacquainted with the present condition of France; but I am induced to believe the story to be, in every particular, correct, as the authority was unquestionable. This excessive poverty amongst the higher classes, their being often unable, from their narrow circumstances, to support a house and separate establishment, their living in miserable lodgings when they are low in purse, snatching a spare meal at some cheap restaurateur's, and being unaccustomed to the comfort of regular meals in their own house, is the cause that they are all epicures, devotedly and generally attached to good eating, and that to such an excess, that a stranger, in attending a ball supper in France, or treating a French party to dinner, will be astonished at the perseverance of their palates, and the wonderful expedition with which both sexes contrive to travel through the various dishes on the table. The behaviour of Sancho at Camacho's wedding, when he rolled his delighted eyes over the assembled flesh-pots, is but a prototype of what I have witnessed equally in Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.

At a ball supper, when it is generally impossible in England to prevail upon the ladies to taste a morsel, I have seen these slim and delicate females of France regale themselves with dressed dishes, swallow, with incredible avidity, repeated bowls of strong soup, and wash this down with hot punch, strong enough to admit of being set on fire. Nothing can certainly be more destructive of all ideas of feminine delicacy, than to see a beautiful woman transformed by the flames of these midnight bowls, and looking through this medium like some unknown, voracious inhabitant of another world.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Ackermann has in the press, a work containing seventy-one *Views of London*, in colours; with interesting descriptions, selected from his *Repository of Arts*. It will form, when complete, one volume imperial 8vo.

Mr. Ackermann has also in great forwardness, a selection of seventy-six *Designs of Furniture*, from his *Repository of Arts*; a work which will be of great utility to the upholsterer.

A popular *Description of St. Paul's*; including a brief History of the old and new Cathedral, with explanations of the monumental designs by the respective artists,

and other interesting information, will speedily be published. This epitome will be illustrated by a correct ground-plan, and is expressly calculated for the use of strangers visiting the cathedral.

The first number is just published of *Popular Pastimes;* being picturesque representations, beautifully coloured, of the customs and amusements of Great Britain, in ancient and modern times, accompanied with historical descriptions; to be continued monthly, till complete in one volume. This number contains, 1. The Mistletoe on Christmas-eve; 2. Riding the Stang on New Year's-day; 3. Exorcising a House; 4. Game at Foot-ball at Carterhaugh.

The publication of a new periodical work, under the title of *The Recorder*, or *Judicial and Magistrate's Magazine*, commenced with the first number on the 1st of February.

Mr. J. Ingle, of the Northamptonshire regiment of militia, has in the press, in one volume 8vo. *The Aërial Isles*, or *the Visions of Malcolm*, a poem, with notes.

A Treatise on Greyhounds, with observations on the treatment and disorders of them, is in the press.

Mr. John Varley has commenced the publication of a Series of twenty-four Engravings in aquatinta, by F. C. Lewis, exhibiting many of the most important principles of the art, never before published, and executed on twelve plates, from original drawings, accompanied with letter-press explanations to each plate; two or more of which will be ready for delivery in the course of each month.

The same gentleman will publish in the beginning of March, for the use of children, the first sheet of a Series (similar in size and number to the above) of a variety of subjects, simply and broadly executed, for the most part in flat tints, consisting of plain buildings, bridges, trees, &c. in aquatinta; with useful remarks, &c. engraved on the plate. Each sheet contains two examples.

Mr. Bromley, the engraver, has just produced his etching of a whole-length Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, from a picture painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence for his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. The etching is now exhibiting by Mr. Bowyer, of Pall-Mall, the proprietor.

Mr. Thomas Wilson, dancing-master from the King's Theatre, has announced for publication by subscription, *a Descriptive Treatise on the Method of Waltzing*. The work will be published in parts, each of which will be embellished with superb engravings of the human figure, illustrative of the manner of performing the different steps, and of the appropriate accompaniments thereto, of the head, arms, and body, so necessary to the graceful effect to be produced in the exercise of so pleasing an amusement.

M. Salmon Mauget, a French gentleman, at present in London, has invented a new method of preserving meat. He makes the joint of meat undergo a certain process, which he conceals. This prevents putrefaction from taking place, after which the piece of meat may be hung up in the kitchen, and gradually dried.

Mr. Longman, of Cheapside, has invented a self-acting harp, in

the form and size of a cabinet piano-forte. Its motions are produced solely by weight, which obliges a more regular performance than is attainable by the application of springs. The mechanism includes several accompanying instruments, and the combined effect is sonorous, animating, and particularly calculated for dancing. The winding up, or renovation of its powers, does not occupy more than a minute; and its unwearied performance is sufficiently long for any single dance. The plan upon which this instrument is constructed, admits of its being furnished with keys for the accommodation of those who chuse the amusement of accompanying the dancers; and, by the perpetual admissibility of new barrels, possesses the advantage of multiplying, to any extent, its number and variety of tunes.

In the Court of King's Bench lately, in the case of Elton *versus* Jordan, relative to the warranty of a mare, Lord Ellenborough said, "In order to constitute unsoundness, it is not necessary that a horse should be under an incurable or permanent disease, but such a degree of actual infirmity as interferes with the present use of the animal is sufficient. I think, that if a horse have even a cough at the time of sale, with a warranty of soundness, which cough may be cured in a few days; yet it is an unsoundness, inasmuch as it prevents the purchaser from employing the animal."

A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* furnishes the following strong fact in support of the generally received idea, that the neighbourhood of the barberry-tree is injurious to wheat:—"The late Duke of Bedford, who never omitted an opportunity of bringing any agricultural question to the test of experiment, had a hedge planted in equal proportions with white-thorn, black-thorn, holly, barberry, crab, and possibly some other shrubs which I do not now recollect, with a view to ascertain their comparative advantages and disadvantages in making a good fence. The hedge had not been planted many years before the field, which it assisted to inclose, was sown with wheat. Some time before the harvest the tenant called upon me (then residing at Woburn), desiring I would witness the extraordinary effect which that part of the hedge (about fifteen or twenty yards, more or less,) that was composed of barberry bushes, had upon the wheat. Immediately adjoining to the hedge, and for ten or fifteen yards from it, the wheat was completely blighted, scarcely a single grain to be found in any ear growing within that distance. Beyond it a few solitary grains might be met with, and their number increased exactly in the same proportion as the distance of the wheat from the hedge. Contiguous to the latter the straw was extremely black; and this blackness gradually diminished as the wheat was further removed from the malignant influence of the barberry. The blight extended in a semicircular direction from the hedge nearly across the field, till the discolouration insensibly died away."

FASHIONS.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—EVENING DRESS.

WHITE satin slip trimmed with a deep flounce of blond lace, set on full and finished by a double heading. The upper dress is a robe composed of striped French gauze, open in front; the waist is very short; and the body, which is made in a perfectly novel style, displays the contour of the shape to the utmost advantage. For the form of the sleeve, which is peculiarly elegant, we refer our readers to the print; as we are also obliged to do for the beautiful trimming which goes round the robe: it is composed of novel materials, which we are not allowed to describe. Hair dressed much off the forehead, and low at the sides. Head-dress Circassian turban composed of French gauze: the ends, which depend from each side, are so disposed as partly to shade the neck: they are extremely rich and beautiful. The only ornament is a superb aigrette composed of pearls and rubies. This head-dress is well calculated for graceful and majestic *belles*, to whom it gives what the French term *l'air imposant*. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, rubies intermixed with pearls. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

PLATE 17.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A high body of jaconot muslin, with a lace frill, over which is a low one, formed of pink silk, and trimmed with the same material; the upper-part of the trimming is tastefully ornamented with bows of pink ribbon. Long loose sleeve, finished down the arm with bands and bows, to correspond with the trimming of the train; it is drawn tight at the wrist, and ornamented with a large pink bow. A superb French shawl is thrown carelessly over the shoulders. The hair is dressed very much off the forehead, and low at each side of the face. Head-dress, the Polish cap, which is uncommonly novel and pretty; it is composed of black velvet, and ornamented with a silk tassel and gold band. Necklace, ear-rings, and cross, composed of gold and pearl. French watch, set with pearls. White kid gloves, and black levantine sandals.

Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, has favoured us with the original and elegantly fancied dresses given in our prints this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Were we to select from the records of Fashion a month in which her lovely votaries are most anxious to outvie each other in the splendour and elegance of their costume, it should be the present. It is to be regretted, that we are too much indebted to our Gallic neighbours for the modes and materials of fashionable attire: the former, however, we are happy to say, are not so generally adopted as heretofore; and we are convinced they would gradually decline in estimation, if our London milliners would copy

the example set them by Mrs. Gill, and, instead of adopting the Parisian fashions, have recourse to their own ingenuity and taste for new ones. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the superior novelty and elegance of those dresses which we present to our readers in our engravings this month. Nor is it in this instance only that that lady bears away the palm of taste, since her fashions always leave the most elegant selections from French costume very far indeed behind.

Promenade dress offers little actual novelty. Pelisses continue very much in favour, and the one we described last month has lost nothing of its attraction. Mantles are, however, though slowly, gaining ground. The Wellington mantle, composed of Spanish brown merino cloth, and lined with white or pink sarsnet, is just introduced. It possesses some claims to novelty, and is a very tasteful and comfortable appendage to the walking costume. In shape it resembles a Spanish mantle, and being cut byas, it hangs very gracefully round the figure: there is no cape, but a piece of satin to correspond, about half a quarter in breadth, which is honeycombed, goes up each side of the back, and across the bosom and shoulders, which forms the shape in a style perfectly novel. Cloth fronts, which are cut like a half-handkerchief, are tacked to each shoulder inside; they wrap across the bosom, and fasten behind. The trimming, which is always of satin, corresponds in general; but we have noticed one composed of dark green cloth, and trimmed with light green satin, which had a very pretty and tasteful effect.

The Cobourg hat, which has just been introduced, is in the first style of elegance for the promenade costume, and is likely to continue long in favour: the crown is in the Parisian style, but not unbecomingly so; the brim is narrow, and being turned off the forehead, is exceedingly becoming. The material of which this hat is composed, possesses a superior delicacy and elegance to any thing at present worn; it is the finest whalebone transparently white: it has no ornament.

The barouche wrap, which in form resembles the French *capote*, only that it has no hood, is very generally adopted for the open carriage: it is composed of sage green merino cloth, and lined with twilled sarsnet to correspond. The trimming is beautiful; it is a wreath of oak-leaves in an embroidery of silk and chenille: this latter material, which has lately been exploded, appears to be again coming into fashion: it is not, however, worn by itself, but mixed with embroidery, ribbon, or satin.

For the close carriage costume the striking and tasteful dress which we have given in our print, is conderably higher in estimation among the *belles* of the *haut ton* than any thing else; and when the shawl is thrown off, and the head-dress exchanged for a simply elegant lace cap, it forms a most becoming half dress.

Next to it in estimation is the Richmond spencer, composed of royal purple velvet, and ornamented with white satin, which is so disposed as to form in one piece a small drapery front, an epaulette, and an ornament for the back: it

is worn over a white dress, and a rich white French silk handkerchief, with a beautiful border of fancy flowers in purple, is tied round the throat. This spencer is pretty, rather novel, and in much favour. The hat generally worn with it, is composed of purple velvet to correspond; it has a round crown, rather low, and the front, which turns up all round, is lined with white satin formed into byas flutings; a very narrow velvet band, edged with white, goes round the crown, and a plume of long and beautiful white ostrich feathers droops a little to the left side. This hat is tasteful, and uncommonly becoming.

French striped silks, slight sarsnets, cambrics, and jaconot muslins, begin to displace cloth and poplin in the morning costume. We have no actual novelty to announce in the form of dresses, but the Solms wrapper, composed of jaconot muslin and trimmed with lace, is so peculiarly elegant, that we cannot help noticing it: the body, which is half high and full, is formed exactly to the shape behind by letting-in lace, a row of which also is let in on the shoulder and round the bosom; it is let in all down the front at regular distances with lace, about half a quarter at each side of the waist, but progressively broader all the way down, so as to be about a quarter of a yard at bottom; a single row of broad lace, which is set on full, goes up each side of the front at the edge of the letting-in till it reaches the shoulder, from which a triple row is placed round the shoulder and the middle of the back. The trimming of the train is a single flounce of broad lace set on full. The *fichu* and *cornette* (the terms cap and handkerchief are no more to be found in Fashion's vocabulary,) worn with this dress, are in the best style of English taste: instead of the throat being enveloped in an immense ruff, it is partially shaded by a lace collar, drawn in three places by primrose ribbon, and edged with a single row of narrow lace. The *cornette* is a small mob cut out on the forehead, so as to display the hair very much, and ornamented with a small bunch of primroses. Those ladies who wish their morning habiliments to be distinguished for simple elegance, must be delighted with the *tout-ensemble* of this dress.

Plaid and striped sarsnet are both much worn in the morning costume: the former is usually trimmed with two flounces of the same material, the upper one finished with a heading. These flounces are festooned with small silk ornaments, usually of the predominant colour of the dress. The most novel and elegant trimming for striped silk dresses, is the one we have given in our plate.

For dinner dress, we observe that French spotted silks continue as much in favour as last month, as does white kerseymere or merino cloth. Striped silks, though worn in the morning, are also fashionable for dinner; and without presuming to set ourselves up as censors, we must observe, that, in strict propriety, the same materials ought not to be used for both: clear muslin, both sprigged and plain, is also in estimation. Muslin dresses are worn in the form described in our last number, but long

sleeves are more predominant than they were then. We have noticed a new body, which is worn with merino, and also with silk skirts: it is composed of pink satin laid on full over white satin, and laced behind with a white silk cord; it is drawn down at each side of the back, so as to form a point in the middle, which displays the white satin underneath; it is also pointed on each breast, and then goes off in a slope, which displays the white satin stomacher, and forms the shape in a very becoming manner. These points are edged with a narrow white silk trimming, and a broader one goes entirely round the bosom and back of the dress. The sleeve, which is short and full, is composed of white satin, and finished by an epaulette formed by three pink points trimmed to correspond. The trimming of the skirt, if merino, is composed of pink satin, intermixed with white silk cord in a very novel manner. When this body is worn with a silk skirt, the points are always composed of satin, one shade darker or lighter than the skirt, as is also the trimming of the train; but the under body, sleeve, and mixture of cord, are white.

The materials for full dress continue the same as last month: French gauze, however, appears more predominant. The exquisitely fancied robe given in our print, is the only novelty that has been introduced in the circles of fashion, of sufficient consequence to be announced to our fair readers.

Caps continue to be as much worn in half dress as ever; we think the favourite is the small French mob.

In full dress the hair is worn lighter on the temples than last month, and the hind hair forms a bunch of large coils, which fall a little to one side. Pearl ornaments for the hair are higher in estimation than they were last month; combs, aigrettes, and flowers are now formed of that modest gem, with a very slight intermixture of coloured stones. *Toques* are also high in favour. Turbans are worn by matronly ladies only.

In full dress jewellery, pearl necklaces composed of small clusters, with a ruby or any other coloured gem in the middle, and linked together by three or four short rows of pearl, are high in favour; as are also pearl lockets, of various shapes, with the word *Fidélité*, composed of amethysts or emeralds. French watches, superbly set and of a very small size, are much worn.

We are indebted to the invention of our Gallic neighbours for several ornaments much in favour in half-dress jewellery, which still consists wholly of coral and plain gold. The favourite necklace is composed of raspberries, which we must acknowledge to be a most exquisite imitation of nature, linked together by narrow gold chains about two inches long. Gold earrings, with drops to correspond, and the bracelet a gold chain, with a single raspberry in front of the arm, form altogether an elegant *suite* of half-dress jewellery. There are some other ornaments, which we shall describe in our next.

Half-boots of stout French silk or kid, which corresponds with the dress, if a coloured one, are most fashionable in the carriage costume; if the dress is white, primrose kid,

with fringe and rosettes of Spanish brown, is most prevalent. The upper part of the promenade boot is now generally composed of jean; the lower of leather, with a very stout sole. Dress slippers are usually composed of white satin or stout French silk; the favourite trimming is an embroidery in gold, silver, or colours.

Fans still continue of a moderate size; carved ivory are highest in estimation.

Fashionable colours for the month are, primrose, violet, grass green, pink, amber, and azure.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 20, 1816.

AND so, my dear little unconscionable friend, you *modestly* beg of me to be more minute if possible. I wish you had heard the sententious Mrs. Welby, who came in by chance as I was sealing my last packet to you, lecture me for throwing away so much time on a subject below the consideration of a rational being. The fair widow did not, however, "suit the action to the words;" for while she was declaiming against my folly, she employed herself in adjusting her beautiful ringlets in a variety of forms, in order to try which was the most becoming. *A propos* to the widow, she has just sported a pelisse made in the newest style of promenade costume, which would, I think, be infinitely becoming to your slight and graceful figure. It is composed of the finest scarlet merino, very short in the waist, and quite tight to the shape. The sleeve is long, rather loose, and ornamented only with a very deep cuff, which goes up in a point, and is finished with three black silk buttons in front of the arm; it is also edged round with narrow black velvet ribbon. The capes, of which there are only two, are made in the pelerine form, and are also edged with narrow black velvet. A double row of black silk buttons, put very close together at the waist, but slanting as they approach the bottom of the skirt, and also from the waist to the throat, is the only ornament of this pelisse: it has no collar, but the throat is completely enveloped in a rich lace ruff. The bonnet which our friend wore with this pelisse, has novelty, and only novelty, to recommend it: the form of the crown is similar to a helmet, and the front is cut out so as to display the forehead, but it comes very low on each side of the face; it is ornamented tastefully enough with puffings of white blond, and a handkerchief of the same material ties it under the chin: a plume of beautiful white feathers is placed so as to fall back over the crown. This hat, though much in favour with the most tonish *élégantes*, is, in my opinion, very unbecoming.

A new promenade dress has just been introduced, which has been adopted by *belles* of the best taste: it is composed of white levantine, made of walking length, and trimmed only with a plain velvet ribbon, either blue, rose, or pale ruby. The sleeve is long, plain, and loose; and the body is formed in a style more becoming to the shape than

any I have seen since I came to Paris: it fits closely behind, and the back, which is rather broad, is quite high; but instead of a collar, there is a small cape, which falls over behind, but comes only to the shoulders before. The fronts have lappels in the form of an English riding-habit, which are thrown back so as a display the rich lace *fichu* worn with it. This dress, which is remarkable only for neatness and simplicity, is evidently borrowed from the English costume.

Capotes are as much worn as ever, and differ in form from those I have already described to you, only by being made with hoods, which are generally worn large, and lined with fur; a very broad trimming of which also goes round the bottom, and up the front on each side. The fur of the otter is higher in request than any thing else for trimmings; but it is worn so broad, that the effect is heavy. Pelerines of the most modish pelisses are also formed entirely of it. Some few *élégantes*, however, give the preference to swansdown; and embroidery in fancy wreaths of chenille, begins to be partially adopted.

In the morning costume chintz is entirely exploded; it has given place to cambric, English cambric muslin, and sarsnet. The bodies of dresses are still made *à la chemise*, but they are not so full, and the waists are longer then when I wrote last. Muslin dresses are now trimmed only with a single row of scollops edged with lace, or a piece of muslin laid on very full and broad, and divided in the middle by a single row of gauging. Sarsnet dresses are generally trimmed with a piece of the same material, about half a quarter in breadth, fluted round the bottom. The sleeves are worn long, loose, and plain, except at the wrist, which is always ornamented to correspond with the bottom of the skirt. The sash has given place to a simple band of ribbon, fastened in front by a gold or coral clasp.

Worked muslin, spotted silk, and white levantine, are the favourite materials for dinner dress. I have just seen a new robe in the latter, which I think singularly pretty: it is made a walking length, trimmed round the bottom with a scarlet embroidery in waves and clusters of berries. The body is laced up each side of the back with scarlet cord; the front, which fits closely to the shape, is higher than they have been lately worn, and is ornamented in a light and tasteful manner with scarlet cord in waves. The sleeve is short and full, but confined to the arm by a narrow band, which corresponds with the trimming of the train: the fulness is divided into three compartments by rows of scarlet cord, put plain down the arm. The *fichu* worn with this dress is composed of plain byas net, which fits so closely to the neck that it may be said to, "what it seems to hide, reveal;" it is finished at the throat by a single fall of the finest blond. I think you would be much pleased with the general effect of this dress, which would be still prettier were it not a little too glaring, a fault which is in fact to be found in almost all the French fashions.

For full dress, white satin and silver gauze or crape over white satin, are universally adopted. The

principal difference between full and dinner dress is, that the former is cut lower in the bosom; and if the dress is crape or gauze over white satin, the sleeve, which is also worn shorter than in dinner dress, is drawn up to the top of the shoulder in front of the arm, so as to display the satin sleeve about half a quarter in length underneath. Some *élégantes* still continue to have their dresses trimmed with bands of plain velvet, others adopt trimmings of painted velvet, and many wear only a double fall of blond.

Dresses composed of silver gauze are usually embroidered in the loom, in a rich large pattern; and the lama work, which is, in my opinion, the most beautiful of the French trimmings, is universally worn with crape dresses.

There has been a complete but very unbecoming revolution in hair-dressing since I wrote last. The Parisian fashionable now wears her hair divided in front, and dressed very low on each side of the face; the hind hair is either disposed in the Chinese style, or fastened up in a full tuft. I speak of the hair in full dress only; in half dress it is put up tightly, caps being so much worn. They differ little in form from those I mentioned in my last letter, but they are worn much lower; and instead of flowers, are ornamented only with bunches, or cockades of ribbon. In full dress, feathers are universally adopted, as are also combs composed of gold, pearl, and coral. The latter is no longer confined to half dress, or social parties, it is now intermixed with the most costly gems; as for instance, a gold comb is ornamented with acorns of coral, placed at regular distances, and the space between is filled up with emeralds, pearls, &c. The necklace and bracelets correspond of course. Others, mounted with coral, are ornamented with pearl bells. In half-dress jewellery, gold chains or strings of coral only are worn.

I had written thus far before I recollected, that when speaking to you of the promenade costume, I mentioned only one head-dress: it is indeed the only one which is strikingly novel. Hats and bonnets are worn much smaller than they were a few weeks back; the most fashionable among the former, have a plain low crown (comparatively low, I mean), and small front, which is turned up before, and ornamented in the middle with a button and loop and a plume of flat feathers, generally white: the latter have diminished in height and size so much that they are now far from unbecoming. Black velvet caps, trimmed with bands of black velvet, ornamented either with jet or polished steel, and finished with a tassel of the same on one side, are also much worn. The materials used for hats and bonnets are various: velvet, though still worn, is on the decline; satin, silk shag, and white chip, are very general; they are always lined with sarsnet, and finished at the edge with a quilling of blond. The fashion of lining hats with sarsnet striped in different and very glaring colours, is still very prevalent; it has an inelegant and even unbecoming appearance, but it is *outré*, and that is sufficient to render it fashionable here.

Flowers, which were fashionable for so long a period, are at length almost exploded: one sees now and then indeed, but very rarely, an *élégante* whose hat is adorned with a bunch of moss or damask roses, or jonquils; but the most fashionable ornament is a plume of long flat feathers, generally white.

Toques are in high estimation with matronly ladies for *grand costume:* the most fashionable are composed of white crape, but I have seen a few in velvet, finished with folds of crape or satin *à la Turque*.

Dress slippers are always made of white satin; they are cut very low all round the foot, and are ornamented either with a rich embroidery or a rosette of silver. Our fashionables sport *brodequins* for the promenade: they are a sandal of a singular form, made high behind and in front, but cut down at the sides; when the walking dress is trimmed with fur, they have also a broad piece at the instep: they are made either to correspond with the dress, or of white leather. I must not forget to tell you, that the Parisian *belles* have the most beautiful fans in the world: they are in general small and of carved ivory, painted in the most exquisite taste in small bouquets of fancy flowers.

Let me hear from you soon, my dear Sophia; and remember, that if you do not acknowledge me to be the most minute of all the scribblers that ever took pen in hand to expatiate on the delightful subject of dress, you shall receive no more letters from

Your ever affectionate

EUDOCIA.

*** More last words. The fashionable colours for the month are purple, damask, rose, green of various shades, and jonquil.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 14.—LIT DE REPOS.

In fashions, as in manners, it sometimes happens, that one extreme immediately usurps the place of the other, without regarding their intervening degrees of approximation. For the *precise*, in dress, the French have adopted the *deshabille;* and it has been applied to their articles of furniture in many instances, giving to them an air which the amateurs term the *néglige*.

In the annexed plate the design of a *lit de repos*, or sofa-bed, has a peculiar character of unaffected ease, and is not without its full claims to elegance. The sofa is of the usual construction, and the draperies are thrown over a sceptre-rod projecting from the wall of the apartment: they are of silk, as is the *courte-pointe* also.

Poetry.

THE BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM earliest morn till eve came on,
Had urg'd the fight De Brotherton;
Nor less bold Courtney's weighty brand
Had fail'd its master's powerful hand.
Well had keen Clifford won his way,
With cutting sabre's whirling sway;
Thy deeds, lord of the biting axe,
Northumberland, we need not tax;
The brave Earl Mowbray came from far,
To lend his aid in Britain's war;

MUSLIN PATTERNS.

And youthful Glanvil's strength was
near,
To press the rout with flying spear;
With him Sir Hugh of Bardolph join'd,
And Audley of the martial mind.
Last in the list, but first in fame,
We read Black Edward's noble name.
How poor the lay that bard can raise
For thee, great prince, excelling praise;
Whose deeds of might, in warlike host,
Outvying, are thy smallest boast!
Young as thou art, in thee we trace
The attributes of ev'ry grace,
That e'er adorn'd a son of man,
Since our frail lump of earth began.
How long the time again to see
Half what was realiz'd in thee?
O much lov'd prince, old Albion's guide,
Dread of the foe, thy father's pride,
Long would the bard that fame re-
hearse,
Which would ennoble Homer's verse;
But far beyond his narrow ken
It soars * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Turn we again to battle-field,
To clashing sword and echoing shield,
Where helmets, roll'd in gory dust,
Declare how well has sped the thrust;
And spears releas'd from masters' hand,
Lie carelessly along the sand.
Long had each host in conflict stood,
Well drunk had each of human blood,
Yet still insatiable they fight,
Well pois'd in numbers as in might;
Till, Edward, thy pervading star
Shone meteor-like amid the war.
'Twas then that France began to yield,
And England firmer press the field;
Now here, now there, the hero turns,
His soul with martial ardour burns,
And, fierce from Britain's either flank,
Speed death and panic on the Frank:
All orderless their legions fly,
None stop save those who stop to die.
What carnage then had sham'd the night
That witness'd red-cross Albion's might,
Had not Prince Edward's strong com-
mand
Restrain'd each high-flush'd heart and
hand,
That, goaded on by victory's pride,
Had lost themselves in slaughter's tide.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Yet ere we quit these fatal plains,
Where death's most hideous aspect
reigns,
Th' enquiring eye would fain count
o'er
The brave who sleep to rise no more;
The tongue a sadden'd pleasure feel,
In lauding those who fed the steel.
Tho' victory crowns Britannia's host,
Whole troops she mourns of heroes
lost;
On Poictiers one half her strength
Lie stretch'd, alas! in gory length:
There rest the whiten'd beard of age,
In battle stern, and counsel sage;
Close by his side the youthful cheek,
That scarce of manhood doth bespeak;
Both far remote from friends and home,
Here prematurely met their doom.
Lord Beauchamp press'd that sanguine
plain;
His gallant cousin, bold De Vane;
A mother's wish, a mother's tears,
Proved less with him than Poictiers.
How looks she for his safe return,
Swift o'er the flying ocean borne!
But blindly looks, for hardy Vane
Now rests among the noble slain:
Tho' snatch'd away in early prime,
And mould'ring in a foreign clime,
Ne'er shall forget thy native land
Th' endowments of that heart and hand.
Lives there who feels not strongest grief
For Hugh of Bardolph, valiant chief?
Young Glanvil's fate may claim a tear,
Known but too well by Gallia's rear;
The brave Earl Mowbray's joyous shout
Shall peal no more in wassail rout;
And haughty Clifford's lofty call
Resound no more in Ednam hall.
Quench'd is high Audley's soul of fire,
Talbot and Scales with him expire;
And thousands more not known to fame
But by their patrimonial name.

DONALD.

Melvin-House, Jan. 10, 1816.

To the Memory of a Caledonian Hero who fell in the Battle of Waterloo, written by a Companion in Arms, and set to Music by Mr. William Grosse, Organist of the German Reformed Church.

Gallant soldier! once the glory
Of thine own unconquer'd band,
Shall not Fame, in living story,
Tell the triumph of thy hand?

Be her silver trumpet bound
With the Scottish thistle flowers;
Ah! how sweet it then would sound
Thro' his native Highland bowers!

Let her fingers add to all,
Many a gloomy cypress leaf;
Emblem of the hero's fall,
Emblem of his country's grief.

"Mark," she cries, "where eagles soar
Thro' Iberia's azure sky,
And the Douro's sullen roar
Mocks the wolf that hovers nigh!"

"Steady as those eagles' flight,
Rapid as that river's flood,
Firm he mingled in the fight,
Seeking me in fields of blood!

"See the Tagus golden banks,
Lusitania's vineyards fair,
Here he led his plaided ranks,
Check'd the Gallic hydra there!

"Thence mid Pyrennean snows
Did his charger fiercely prance,
Bearing him thro' hosts of foes
To the conquer'd field of France!"

Here the goddess ceased her lay:
Weak, her wings refused to fly;
Faint, her voice forbore to say,
How Macara dared to die!

Be it then to friendship giv'n,
Such a warrior's name to save,
While 'tis borne on breeze of heav'n,
That he found a soldier's grave.

By unequal hosts opposed,
Still he prov'd his valour true;
For his bright career was closed
On the plains of Waterloo!

LINES,

Descriptive of a well-known Incident which happened at the time the English Army, under the command of Lord Wellington, lay encamped on Torres Vedras.

On Vedras' lofty hills, where Frenchmen lay,
Whose meagre looks their wretched state betray;
From whence in view the British lines they ken,
Those troops who've beat them o'er and o'er again,
Where Wellington prepares the dreadful blow,
Where ev'ry soldier pants to meet the foe,
The chief renown'd, proclaims the din of war,
And mounts Bellona on her thund'ring car;
The plund'ring Gauls have now a prize obtain'd,
A bullock from the harmless peasant gain'd.
The trammel'd victim struggles to be freed—
A noble bullock of true Spanish breed—
With vigour now exerts his utmost strength,
And by exertion is releas'd at length:
Now tow'rd the English camp with frenzy flies,
But ere the goal he reach'd, drops down and dies.
The air resounds with yells of clam'rous joy,
And speed, redoubled speed, the French employ.
But, lo! a gallant band the British send,
Who seize the ox, yet offer to defend
Their claim by equal combat on the spot,
And which succeeds, the beast shall be his lot.
Both sides agree; now man to man oppos'd,
A shout the signal, and the ranks are clos'd,
The clashing bay'nets meet, a pause ensues,
While each in dire array his foe now views.

So when the gather'd storm the peasant eyes,
In silence waits th' explosion from the skies;
Anon the forked lightning darts around,
The crashing thunder rolls with awful sound:
Thus on they rush as two contending waves,
Foe pressing foe, each his opponent braves;
Here strength 'gainst strength, there skill doth skill defy,
Doubtful the strife, for both in courage vie.
The glit'ring steel now reeks with human gore,
And lifeless heroes fall to rise no more;
Some writhe in pain, while in a purple flood
Life fleets away in copious streams of blood.
The French at length give way to British might,
Their ranks are thinn'd, and sent to realms of night;
The remnant fly, chas'd by a victor foe
Straight to their camp, ere they pursuit forego.
The victors now prepare to sound retreat,
But with three hearty cheers their foes first greet,
A farewell token of their sad defeat.
Now from the Gallic lines a flag appears,
Borne by a chief whose looks bespeak his years;
With martial step he nears the wond'ring band,
Who silent wait the tend of his command.
He silence broke:—
"Britons! this day most nobly have you done,
The prize you merit, for 'twas bravely won;
As you are valiant so you're generous too,
I'm therefore come to crave a boon of you.
Our camp is stress'd, full sore we feel the want
Of common food, but most of all we're scant
Of some such victim as by conquest's your's;
Spare but a part, the gift our thanks ensures."
"Take then the whole!" the conquerors cry, "take all!
We're only griev'd the object is so small."
Then three huzzas they give the vet'ran chief,
Who graceful bow'd his thanks for this relief.
Now each one measur'd back to camp his way,
There to recount the fortunes of the day.

EPITAPH

On a beautiful Female, who came, "unknowing and unknown," to a village in ——shire, and died in a state of despondence, supposed to have been occasioned by disappointed love.

By J. M. Lacey.

Where shall the tender tear be shed,
If not at beauty's tomb,
Who early droop'd her anguish'd head,
And met her bitter doom?

Grief stole her cheek's bright rose away,
And plac'd the lily there;
'Twas grief that bore no common sway,
But ended in despair.

She died, and left no friend to tell
Her tale of deepest woe:
'Twas thought she lov'd, and lov'd too well,
But none the truth can know.

A stranger's hand records thy fate,
Thy beauty, and thy grief:
Regret, alas! is now too late,
In heav'n thou find'st relief.

Yet o'er this spot, in spring's soft hour,
The primrose pale shall bloom;
The violet too, that fragrant flower,
Shall decorate thy tomb.

EXTRACTS

From THE LADY OF NORTHCLIFF TOWER.

A Poem, intended to be produced in the course of the season, from the pen of the Author of "The Rival Roses," and "Sir Wilibert de Waverley, or The Bridal Eve."

FITZARTHUR.

Oh! for a Muse this knight to paint!
But, ah! description must be faint;
For in Fitzarthur's sparkling eye
Did wit and pleasure laughing lie:
His shining locks, with graceful air,
Wav'd lightly o'er his forehead fair;
And many a heart of lady gay,
His graceful form had won away.
Oh! who in hours of revelry,
Could vie with him for sportive glee;
Or, in the hours of peace, could trill
The song with gay Fitzarthur's skill?
And who like him the dance could tread,
When down its airy maze he sped?
Such was the knight, when all aside
Was laid the helmet's plumy pride,
When armour bright no more was seen,
But yielded to the doublet green,
The satin cloak, and trim array,
Which spoke the warrior's holiday;
But when he in the battle-field
Grasp'd the keen sword, and wore the shield,
A braver than Fitzarthur shone,
The lists of glory ne'er could own!

LOVE.

Ethereal flame! whose vivid light
Can guide us thro' a maze of woe,
Who bid'st the coward arm for fight,
And mak'st the cold like Hecla glow;
Where is the bard thy powers can tell,
Thou regent of the strongest spell?
For e'en when absence dims the hour,
Thou bid'st us twine in Fancy's bower
A wreath of hopes and vision'd joys,
Which waking truth indeed destroys:
Yet, oh! when faithful lovers meet,
And each with rapturous welcome greet,
When the fond youth, whose eye-beams tell
The emotions which his bosom swell,
Sees, meretricious art above,
The tell-tale blush of bashful love
Across the cheek and bosom stray,
And brightly in those glances play,
Whose beauty his affection stole,
Whose radiance fir'd his ardent soul,
Then is thy dearest triumph shewn,
And *Love* ascends to *Rapture's* throne!

FADING LOVE.

When sinks the sun beneath the main,
The lingering radiance gilds the plain,
And, thro' the cloud of purple hue,
Beams softened lustre on our view;
Nor dies at once the parting ray,
Still on our sight its glories play,
Till sunk in ocean's dusky wave,
The orb declin'd, has found its grave:
Then, all around how chang'd the scene!
The sky may have an air serene,
The cloud may boast its purple hue,
The concave wear its beauteous blue;
But all their lovely glow is fled,
And nature seems an image dead!
'Tis thus, when from the human heart
Love's loitering fantasies depart:
By slow degrees *love's* vision flies,
With mild decay the image dies;
And long will memory's latent power
Shed radiance o'er a lover's hour;
Till hope, fatigu'd with long delay,
Leaves us to dread despair a prey.
Fancy no more can deck with gold
The visions she would once unfold;
At once they fly, the dream is o'er,
And gloomy seems our destin'd shore!

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VOL. I. APRIL 1, 1816. No. IV.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expence. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We were not at all aware of the circumstance mentioned by our friend J. M. Lacey, *and thank him for the hint. To be able to detect every plagiarism of the kind to which he refers, would require a much more extensive reading, and a much stronger memory, than we can lay claim to.*

As the tender scenes of courtship, though infinitely interesting to the parties, are apt to appear the very reverse to indifferent spectators, we have forwarded the letter of Sincera *to the quarter from which that of* Sincerus *was received, with our best wishes for the lady's success.*

Diana Dreadnought's *Letter and* The Conflict *in our next, without fail.*

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